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MAY 19, 1975

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TIME



BARYSHNIKOV

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

At 6 o'clock last Tuesday morning in Philadelphia, Virginia delegate Thomas Jefferson looked out at the gray sky and then noted that his thermometer registered 70°. Soon afterward, there came a call of lightning and a sudden deluge. By 9 o'clock, the city was awash. Nearly 50 delegates to the Second Continental Congress slowly filed the meeting room of the State House on Walnut Street... The room steamed. The only consolation in keeping the windows closed against rain was that they also excluded the horseflies from a nearby stable...

So begins the cover story on Thomas Jefferson in the most unusual issue that TIME has ever published. It is our Bicentennial issue dated July 4, 1776, and devoted to reporting the birth of a new nation just as if TIME reporters had been there. After almost a year of exhaustive work, the 1776 issue is going to newstands and subscribers this week—the first time in our history that two different issues have appeared simultaneously. Under the supervision of Senior Editor Otto Friedrich, a staff of 14 researchers headed by Nancy Williams culled mountains of memoirs, letters and contemporary newspapers to amass some 1,600 pages of files, about

50% more than the amount sent by our correspondents for a regular issue of TIME. The design work for the issue, including illustrations drawn largely from historical archives, was done by Assistant Art Director Wade Hancock.

Numerous writers used the amassed research to describe not only the politics of independence in Philadelphia and General Washington's preparations to defend New York, but also a series of strangely familiar stories. Inflation was ravaging the Colonies (beef was up 114% in three months), and in distant Viet Nam, a civil war was raging (rebels captured the settlement of Ta Ngan, or Saigon, in the spring of 1776). The research also unearthed some fascinating minutiae: there was only one working toilet in the Colonies—property of a former Royal Governor of Maryland; the nascent sport of golf was played with feather-stuffed leather balls; Boston stores had just begun selling a new gadget called the umbrella.

For the whole Bicentennial staff, which celebrated the completion of the project by drinking toasts and eating roast beef at New York City's pre-Revolutionary Frances Tavern, this issue has been partly an exercise in historical imagination and partly an inspiration. As an introduction to the special issue puts it, "At a time when Americans are questioning the very meaning of their nation's basic beliefs, it is refreshing and reassuring to return to our origins, to our fundamental values, and to try to illuminate how earlier Americans saw the world and their place in it."

Ralph P. Davidson

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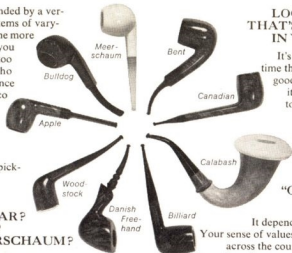
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How to select a pipe.

Do you know your Bent from your Bulldog?

There you are. Surrounded by a veritable forest of bowls and stems of varying shapes and sizes. Each one more inviting than the other. If you happen to be confused by too much of a good thing, who could blame you? Now since Amphora makes pipe tobacco for a living, we think we're in a pretty good position to guide you through this confusion of profusion by giving you some objective advice on picking a pipe.



WHICH ONE? BRIAR?
CLAY? CERAMIC?
CORN COB? MEERSCHAUM?

Technically, you could make a pipe from cast iron. Or tinfoil. Or glass. But you wouldn't want to smoke them. Because like so many things, some pipes are more practical and functional than others. Here's a quick view of a few of the best.

Briar. Most pipe pros consider it the best simply because it's porous. That means it can expand and contract to the heat and cold of the pipe. This reaction lets the briar alternately absorb and squeeze out the natural oils of the tobacco. Which is one of the ingredients in a more pleasurable smoke.

Meerschaum. The matinee idol of pipes. One that you put on display like a piece of white porcelain. Which, in fact, it resembles. Both in looks and brittleness. Now there are some who feel that Meerschaum smokes better than briar. We don't happen to agree. If you want to smoke a piece of art which is what a hand-carved Meerschaum really is, that's fine. But if you want a pipe you can be comfortable with, stay with a briar.

Corn Cob. A comedic pipe. But one that's faithful and true. It can give you a good smoke for your money. Cobs are naturally porous. But they have something else going for them, too. They're inherently sweet and often add some of that personality to the tobacco.

Clay. Not very porous. A bit too brittle. And has the tendency to self-destruct before its time has come.

Ceramic. A good looking colleague of clay and with many of the same drawbacks. Ceramic pipes have the unfortunate characteristic of leaving an after-taste. They can be handsomely decorated. But too often they look better than they smoke.

Rosewood, Cherry Wood & Other Woods. Just aren't up to the performance of a good, high-born briar. For one thing, they're soft. Which means they can easily char and burn out. And transfer their own flavors to the tobacco.

LOOK FOR A PIPE
THAT'S COMFORTABLE
IN YOUR MOUTH.

It's going to be spending a lot of time there. Look for a pipe that has good weight and balance. So that it's comfortable in your hand, too. Be sure that the stem and the bit match up perfectly. And finally, feel inside the bowl to be sure there are no imperfections lurking there.

"O.K. WHAT SHOULD
I PAY FOR A PIPE?"

It depends. On your wallet. Your ego. Your sense of values. A motorcycle can take you across the country. But so can a Rolls. It all depends on *how* you want to get there. Same thing with a pipe. A \$10 model might be sculpted from the same quality briar as a \$150 pipe. And both could smoke equally as well. But chances are there are some imperfections in the \$10 pipe. What's more, there's certainly a lot more tender loving care that goes into a handcrafted pipe than a less expensive machine-made model. So you pays your money, and you takes your choice.

SPEAKING
OF CHOICE...



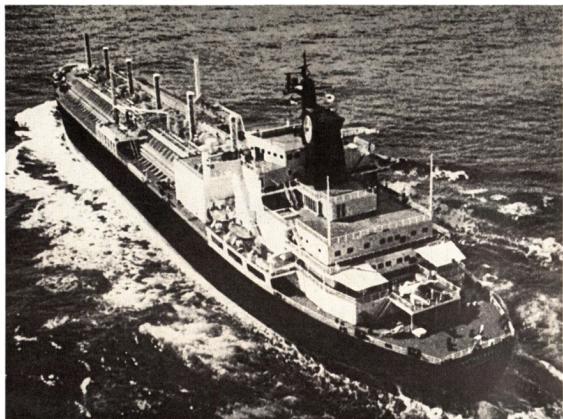
No matter what kind of pipe you buy—a \$1.75 corn cob or a \$100 straight grain briar—there's one thing you should remember. A pipe is only as good as the tobacco you feed it. That's why so many knowledgeable pipe smokers light up with Amphora. Its extra mild taste has made it exactly what it is today. America's best selling Cavendish pipe tobacco.



SEND FOR
FREE BROCHURE

Our new brochure, "A Man and His Pipe," is packed full of information designed to increase your pipe smoking pleasure. If you would like a *free* copy, or if you have any specific questions on pipes and pipe tobacco, drop a note to the President, Douwe Egberts, Inc., Bldg. B, 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Ca. 91311.

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A Stillness in South Viet Nam

To the Editors:

The charade in Viet Nam [May 5] is over. The lesson for us should be that puppets do not make lasting friends.

James P. Kinney
San Jose, Calif.

What do you mean by titling an article "The Last Days of Phnom-Penh"? Phnom-Penh is still there.

Larry Feign
Berkeley, Calif.

I cannot understand why no one has commented on the simple fact that the U.S. would have been spared more than \$200 billion, more than 50,000 lives, and

our security because of the decline of American power and influence in the world.

Martin Eady
Madrid

The credibility of the U.S. has not only been hurt; it has crumbled.

Who still trusts the U.S. today?
Chao Kuo-chang
Taipei

It is not that Americans are cowards; they are not. It is not that they are lacking in intelligence either. Their trouble is that they are always ruthlessly provincial. They have never understood or really liked foreigners.

This explains why they are so unconcerned with the coming slaughter of their allies, the South Vietnamese.

This country is going to go through what the Vietnamese are going through right now. This will be the price the world will have to pay for its hypocrisy about facing the threat of Communism and trying to appease the unappeasable.

Hari Dharana
Los Angeles

Our national leaders who now strain to assure us that our boys did not die in vain in Viet Nam are only trying to save their own guilt, and all of us who long for that assurance are doing the same.

The very finest thing we could say for those boys is to confess that we sacrificed them to our pride in a losing battle, that we Americans have wasted our human energies trying to play God and win forever.

Gordon Dalbey
Newton, Mass.

Taiwan Rip-Off

Your article on President Chiang Kai-shek's death [April 14] must have contained truth and insight, but I could not read it. Every TIME in Taiwan had that page torn out. It must have hit home.

John Stewart
Taipei

Primary Concern

New Hampshire became the state with the nation's earliest presidential preference primary [April 28] in 1952. For more than two decades, the state and its primary have proved to be a reliable testing ground for presidential candidates.

New Hampshire is a small state with a relatively small population. Thus it does not greet prospective candidates with expenses which might be prohib-

itive in the more populous states.

The Granite State also provides a unique cross section of America. It offers a blend of economic and social bases that include industries ranging from textiles to space-age technology, recreation, services and agriculture.

One of New Hampshire's attractive features as a measurement of the electorate is its absence of machine politics. A regional primary would destroy this fine balance and would so dilute the results as to make any voting meaningless.

As have our leaders of the past, I will do all I can to protect the state's position from future challenges.

Meldrim Thomson Jr.
Governor
New Hampshire

Lethal Love

I believe that if 70% of my fellow Americans wanted gun control [April 28], more than two of the 50 states would have tough laws. If I ever stop reading about murders, rapes and other demonstrations of man's love for man, then I might consider giving up my right to purchase a firearm to protect my family, myself or my property.

Jimmie E. Shaver
Colorado Springs, Colo.

National Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, please note that the Second Amendment of the Bill of Rights says: "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed." In short, keeping and bearing arms was contingent upon being in the militia, as almost all able-bodied men were when this was written. It is a far cry from anyone's supposed "right" in 1975 to buy a "Saturday-night special."

Mrs. Joseph Harrington
Wenham, Mass.

Years from now, when the question involving who first appeared, the chicken or the egg, is finally answered, someone will then ask, "What came first: anticrime laws or antigan laws?"

Michelle Williams
Woodside, N.Y.

Pregnant Issue

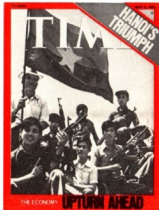
Hooray for Bishop Maher [April 28]! I wish there were more men like him to deal with this obscenity called abortion.

(Mrs.) Lenore Weber
Elk Rapids, Mich.

What Bishop Maher doesn't seem to realize is that unquestioning obedience is passé. Get with it, Rev. Maher.

Josephine Sheehy
Farmington Mills, Mich.

Much of the momentum behind today's feminists' abortions could have been removed years ago if the Catholic



all the present tragic and so stupid horror of evacuation of Americans, and these poor wretches to whom we owe nothing in any way, shape or form, had our allied air power been permitted to proceed with all-out pinpoint bombing of the Viet Cong's power and supply depots, thus bringing them to their knees and terminating the action long before the year 1967?

Rudy Vallée
Hollywood

It is not difficult for us in Israel to read Jerusalem instead of Phnom-Penh, and Tel Aviv instead of Saigon.

Is it really so surprising to the average American that Israel refused to put its neck into the noose that was offered to us by President Sadat of Egypt through the good offices of your Secretary of State?

Max Riebenfeld
Tel Aviv

The U.S. about-face in Viet Nam has hurt American credibility. American Air Force bases here were regarded as an aid to Spanish security. Now there is a consensus that they are a threat to

Bob Miller
President,
Atlas Van Lines



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FORUM

clergy had resolutely heeded the plight of their married laity—especially the poor—and sanctioned birth control.

*M. Elaine Keranen
Burlington, Vt.*

No, Ms. Gleason, Bishop Maher has never been pregnant, but he has been a fetus, as have we all.

*Rosemarie Slavenas
Genoa, Ill.*

Jimmy Superstar

Jimmy Connors [April 28] is the Joe Namath, Muhammad Ali, Wilt Chamberlain and Johnny Bench of the tennis court—cocky, confident, a superstar, able to back what he says. He belongs.

*Ken Prouty
Bristol, S. Dak.*

I fail to understand why you devote such extensive coverage to athletes, a group of individuals known for their intellectual dullness and lack of contribution to society.

I am tired of narcissistic boy-heroes whose only claim to fame is physical prowess or injured self-righteousness.

*Jennifer Phillips
New York City*

Tennis matches like the one between Jimmy Connors and John Newcombe will always have an appeal. There is an excitement about the game when two fine players are contending.

I am pleased to see the increased interest in tennis, which started in 1968 when professionals were first allowed to play at Wimbledon. It is healthy for the game that more good players can make a comfortable living from it. I do have reservations about some of the directions that tennis is taking. I do not enjoy watching one-set matches. Even the best player can lose a set. Also, I do not like what they are calling audience participation. The language sometimes used between players and spectators is embarrassing and tends to bring the game down to a mediocre level. Still, tennis today is superior, and I am sure that the problems can be worked out.

*Donald Budge
Acapulco, Mexico*

Grand Slammer Budge was the first player to win the Australian, French, Wimbledon and U.S. championships in the same year (1938).

Tukar Garahagi

The graffiti-prone students of M.I.T. have a more accurate name for the 17-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji [April 28]. He is known as Tukar Garahagi.

*Bob Mohr
Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

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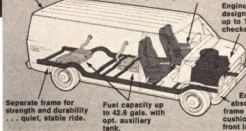
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SOUTH VIETNAMESE REFUGEES IN A RARE LIGHT MOMENT AT CAMP PENDLETON, CALIF.; COOKING RICE AT FORT CHAFFEE, ARK.

THE WEEK'S PHOTOGRAPH May 19, 1975 Vol. 105, No. 21

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

"Domestic Tranquility"

Richard Nixon swept into office on a platform of "law-and-order," capitalizing on the public's legitimate fears of crime. His emphasis, unfortunately, was always more on order than law, and such innovations as no-knock warrants became a real danger to any traditional idea of justice. But in a speech recently at the Yale Law School, President Ford said that he was shunning the law-and-order catch phrase for the war on crime and substituting instead a lofty, ringing theme for his Administration: to "insure domestic tranquility."

His source was the preamble to the Constitution of the U.S., and his aim was to bring reason rather than rhetoric to the discussion of crime. He called for speedy trials, for mandatory sentences in some cases of violent crime, for more humane treatment of convicts. The President returned to the old constitutional phrase, he said, because "I do not seek vindictive punishment of the criminal, but protection of the victim." Nor was crime, he noted, always committed on the street or in dark alleys. Alluding to the misdeeds of his predecessor, he said: "I have made it a matter of the highest priority to restore to the Executive Branch decency, honesty and adherence to the law at all levels. ... There is no way to inculcate in society the spirit of law if society's leaders are not scrupulously law-abiding."

Actually, the President's new/old phrase applies not only to crime, but also

to other fevers disturbing the public psyche. Regardless of his performance in other areas, it is at least encouraging that he should try to reduce passions, lift the nation's spirit and seek answers to very real problems by beginning at the beginning, with the Constitution itself.

Whither the Peace Movement?

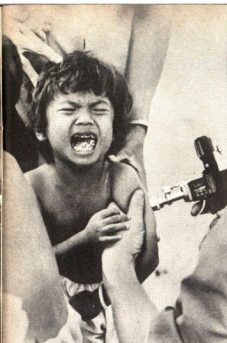
With the war over, what will happen to the peace movement? At a recent Berkeley, Calif., rally cheering the North Vietnamese victory, speakers were shouted down in favor of a rock-'n'-roll band. At Kent State University, organizers had difficulty attracting even a handful of students to a commemoration of the students killed half a decade ago.

Other ideologues of the movement, however, are going ahead to try to change the society. Tom Hayden, one of the Chicago Seven, tentatively plans to challenge California's Democratic Senator John Tunney in next year's primary—while his wife Jane Fonda returns to a full movie schedule. David Harris, who served 20 months in a penitentiary for refusing induction into the Army, may run for the seat now held by California's liberal Republican Congressman Pete McCloskey. David Dellinger, another member of the Chicago Seven, has plans for an "alternate" newsmagazine tentatively titled *Seven Days*. "The movement is fragmented these days," Dellinger says, "but its parts are still working." Maybe, but like any other one-cause force, the peace movement will probably fade away unless it finds another issue—and soon.

Freud on the Bobsled

If Freud had never lived, Walt Disney would undoubtedly have created him—and wired him to guide tourists through Disneyland. Last week 6,600 of those tourists took over Disneyland for a night, and an unusual group they were: members and relatives of members of the American Psychiatric Association, which held its annual convention at Anaheim, Calif. In a happy exercise of regression, they all visited the Mad Hatter's tea party, bought Mickey Mouse hats and hugged Goofy the Dog as if he had just returned from a traumatic trip to the vet. Explained Dr. Miles Shore, superintendent of the Massachusetts Mental Health Center in Boston: "You enjoy the fantasies of your childhood again, and it acts as a rejuvenation so you can go back happily to the problems of the adult world."

In a paper that he read to the convention, Dr. Michael Brody, a child psychiatrist from Washington, D.C., analyzed Disney's favorite stories as classic Freudian cases. The tale of the three little pigs demonstrates the "virtues of obsessiveness"; the littleinker that builds his house of bricks shows his superiority over his less obsessive brothers and the big bad wolf. Brody cites the bobsled ride around the Matterhorn at Disneyland as an example of a means of mastering castration anxieties and other fears. Freud and Disney, concluded Brody, were both concerned with fantasy, and they both looked to childhood for the answer to happiness.



CHILD RECEIVING SMALLPOX INOCULATION; WOMEN STROLLING AT FORT CHAFFEE; U.S. SERVICEMAN & REFUGEE AT EGLIN AIR FORCE BASE, FLA.

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REFUGEES

A Warmer Welcome for the Homeless

President Gerald Ford assured his press conference last week that he always kept his temper, except for "occasional outbursts on the golf course." Nonetheless, he was obviously angry over the callow opposition of some Americans to resettling about 115,000 Vietnamese refugees in the U.S. At a meeting with Republican congressional leaders, the President said that he was "damned mad" and added: "It just burns me up. These great humanitarians—they just want to turn their backs. We didn't do it with the Hungarians. We didn't do it with the Cubans. And damn it, we're not going to do it now." To that end Ford called on Americans to welcome the refugees and Congress to appropriate \$507 million to settle them.

Liberal Opposition. Partly because of Ford's appeal, opposition to the refugees dwindled rapidly. There were, of course, unfortunate exceptions. In California an organization of farmers and businessmen asked a Sacramento federal judge to block the refugee resettlement program on the rather ridiculous grounds that among other things, Government officials had not issued a statement on the program's impact on the U.S. environment. Chicago Civil Rights Leader Jesse Jackson said that the refugees should be kept out of the U.S. because "there are now nearly 9 million jobless in this nation."

Ford was particularly incensed with opposition among some liberals in Congress. Democratic Senator George McGovern of South Dakota claimed that "90% of the Vietnamese refugees would be better off going back to their own land" because only "a handful of government leaders were in any real danger of reprisals." Democratic Representative Elizabeth Holtzman of New York urged the U.S. to bar "persons who may have engaged in misappropriating U.S. funds, run tiger cages or carried out the torture of political prisoners."

Such arguments struck many Americans as mean-spirited. Some people believed that for one thing, it was up to the refugees to decide whether their lives had been in jeopardy. For another, the U.S. had a hand in corrupting many Vietnamese officials. The Administration assured congressional committees that criminals will be weeded out.

Still, the Government faced a dilemma over what to do with criminals, who in any case would probably be few. U.S. immigration laws prohibit their entry. But the U.S., among many other nations, makes a practice of not sending political refugees back to their homelands against their will. When asked what would happen if a murderer turned up among the newcomers, a U.S. immigration official replied: "I don't know. We can't let him in, and we can't send him

back. I doubt that any other country would admit him." In fact, the U.S. has been largely unsuccessful in persuading other countries to admit any refugees. Canada has agreed to take about 3,000; Australia will accept fewer than 100. Most other nations have expressed no interest in admitting Vietnamese.

Immigrant Heritage. Thus the U.S. seemed to have no choice except to settle most of them within its borders. At week's end 14,000 refugees had reached their new homes, usually with relatives who were already U.S. citizens or permanent residents. Another 34,000 were quartered temporarily at the three resettlement centers: Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, Fort Chaffee in Arkansas and Camp Pendleton in California (see following story). The remaining 67,000 refugees were still at or en route to U.S. bases on Guam, Wake Island and the Philippines.

L. Dean Brown, director of the State Department's refugee program, said that some 60% of the refugees are children and only about 30%—roughly 35,000 people—are heads of households and will need jobs. Concluded the conservative *Tulsa World*: "There will be no long-term problem with the immigration of Vietnamese unless we want to make a problem." Said AFL-CIO President George Meany: "If this great country can't absorb another 30,000 people

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and help them find a way to make a living, it will be denying its heritage." Added House Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino, who is a staunch fighter against illegal aliens but a supporter of legal immigration: "When this country forgets its immigrant heritage and turns its back on the oppressed and homeless, we will indeed have written finis to the American dream."

Responding to the plight of the homeless refugees, thousands of Americans made big and small offers of jobs, homes and financial help. So many proposals poured in that volunteer agencies helping the State Department relocate the refugees had trouble keeping pace. The agencies are charged with weeding out undesirable sponsors, such as families looking for a cheap maid or old men seeking young girls. Sponsors are asked

Journey to 'Freedom Land'

The first refugees to reach the U.S. came largely from Viet Nam's professional classes—doctors, dentists, lawyers, office workers, military officers, and their families. Said one U.S. Army doctor at the refugee center on Guam: "They were the VIPs, the cream of the crop, all first-class passengers. Some of the women even wore jewels to the physicals." But last week the rest of Viet Nam's uprooted were making their way to a new life in the U.S. They presented a much different sight.

Down the gangplanks of the first rescue ships to reach Guam filed thousands of refugees who had fled the Vietnamese coast in small boats—barefoot, poor and bandy-legged, bringing little more

reasons that they had long pondered. They often refer to the U.S. as "Freedom Land."

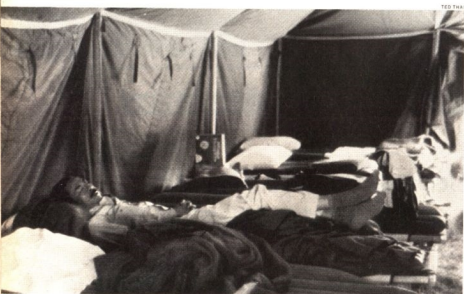
The first stop for America's new refugees is a 500-acre wasteland on Guam's Orote Point, the site of an abandoned Japanese airbase from World War II. The mammoth refugee complex bulged with 40,000 people. The air is constantly filled with red dust kicked up by the bulldozers grinding away at the remaining tree stumps and brambles. At night, strands of arc lights create hard patches of brightness among the heavy-canvas tents.

The refugees leave urgent personal messages about themselves in graffiti all around the camp—on the fences leading into the huts and immigration tents, on the sides of the shower stalls, even in spray paint across their tent flaps. Said one sign: "Tran Thi Hong da di California" (Tran Thi Hong gone to California).

Without Maps. That the refugees have survived at all seems to many a personal miracle. For example, while Saigon was being shelled, one Vietnamese army colonel picked up his wife and daughter, pirated a small speedboat still in the racks at the city's Club Nautique, took them down the Mekong River and out to sea, where they were rescued. His daughter's husband, Pham Van Tinh, a Vietnamese air force pilot, escaped separately from Tan Son Nhut airbase. Under heavy fire, he made a dash for a twin-engine cargo plane, shot the lock off the door with his pistol and flew into Thailand without maps or direction, following the shoreline. Tinh did not know his wife got out until he spotted her in a Guam mess hall last week.

In another case, three bachelor civil servants got into the prized sanctuary of the U.S. embassy compound through another man's ruse. A U.S. embassy guard, they say, began offering places inside for \$5,000. A woman next to them produced her diamond bracelet and rings. The offer was accepted, and when the gates were opened, the three also sprinted in. Meanwhile, a Vietnamese police officer, who was equally unauthorized, showed up at the embassy and had his own driver help lift his wife, nine children and then himself over the wall.

After their ordeal, in the heat and uncertainty of life at Guam's Tent City, most of the refugees were only exhausted and played out. Like refugees anywhere, they spent their time sleeping, lying on their bunks, wandering aimlessly around the deserted airstrip that is now the main street of Tent City, always waiting. On their release for the States, a process that takes at least four or five days, the Vietnamese are left on the roadside to wait for buses to their flights, families sharing lines of cots stacked like beach chairs,



FORMER PREMIER NGUYEN CAO KY IN REFUGEE TENT AT CAMP PENDLETON
Forlornly jaunty, a future farmer in a lavender ascot.

to provide food, shelter and clothing until the refugee is self-supporting. Some what optimistically, Brown expects all the refugees to be settled in their new homes by the end of July.

Many Senators and Representatives were skeptical at first that Congress would appropriate anything like Ford's request of \$507 million for aid. But as public support mounted for the refugees, congressional opposition to aid faded quickly. The House Judiciary Committee acted with remarkable dispatch and agreed by a margin of 30 to 4 to clear the way for a vote by the full House on the bill this week, followed soon afterward by a vote in the Senate. Approval of a large sum is certain, perhaps even more than Ford requested, though the final figure was undetermined. Thus the most divisive period in U.S. history seemed to be ending on an unusual note of near unanimity between the White House and Congress.

with them than the soiled, flimsy clothing they wore, carrying infants and small bundles of belongings. They were not the endangered elite of a fallen nation, but instead plain soldiers, fishermen and gnarled farmers. One wealthy Vietnamese immigrant who watched them said superciliously: "You can tell by their accents that they are only peasants. They are the wrong people. They should never have come. They will only make it more difficult for the rest of the Vietnamese." A U.S. immigration official remarked with considerably more sympathy: "All they have is wrapped up in a piece of clothing. God help them."

The new refugees on Guam were more representative of South Viet Nam as a whole. According to TIME Correspondent William McWhirter, who interviewed scores of the refugees last week, most were originally Northerners, predominantly Roman Catholics, who fled not out of last-minute panic but for

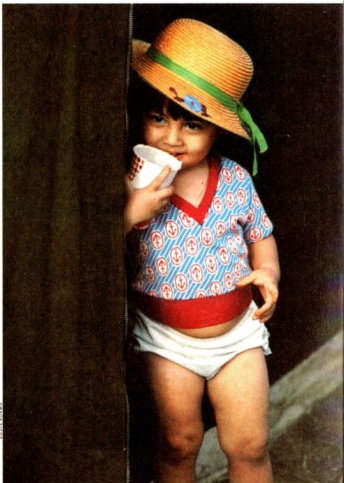


Vietnamese on arrival at Guam. Below: refugee children at Florida's Eglin A.F.B. (left) and at Clark Air Base, the Philippines.



PHOTO—TIMOTHY CONY

1975-1-10-10-10





At Camp Pendleton, Calif., Buddhist monk leads Vietnamese in prayer; below: young refugees in oversize G.I. field jackets.

PAUL FUSCO—REXUS



sitting for hours under the scorching sun or waiting through the long, chill nights to be picked up for their next destination.

The next stop is one of three military bases in the U.S., where they wait for sponsorship in America. At one of those bases, Southern California's sprawling Camp Pendleton, Marines have thrown up a vast tent city amid the tough green scrub and yellow-mustard weeds. The Marines, who displayed superb organization in setting up the camp, rounded up three blankets for every refugee and issued each a hooded field jacket. The refugees organized a committee responsible for small personal needs, medical services and English-language courses. There was something hauntingly familiar about a Marine captain's remark: "The Vietnamese run my camp. My Marines are there purely in an advisory capacity."

For the moment, the Pendleton refugees were those drawn from the social and intellectual elite. In one of the eight refugee compounds, there were no fewer than 50 medical doctors among the 900 inhabitants. Some had worked for U.S. firms that arranged their evacuation. Others, like Teacher Van Ming Minh, escaped with the help of women who were either married to or go-

ing steady with American officials.

The camp had one incongruous celebrity: former Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, who was billeted in a tent with 15 other refugees. Still sporting his familiar lavender ascot and displaying a forlorn jauntiness, Ky stood in long chow lines with the others, complained about the cold nights, and asked visiting reporters for warm underwear. He spoke vaguely of seeking an American sponsor to set him up as a farmer "in Arkansas or San Antonio," or of finding a new life as a cab driver. "For us," he said, "the only hope is that we shall return. When Hitler occupied Europe, people like President de Gaulle hoped that he could come back—and he was back." Ky seemed to be offering himself as a rallying point for his countrymen, but said that he had no definite plans for forming a government in exile.

Minor Crisis. Halfway across the nation, at Fort Chaffee, Ark., another 13,500 refugees set up housekeeping in rows and rows of white-framed Army barracks hastily partitioned off to accommodate individual families. A local radio station started broadcasting ten minutes of news each day in Vietnamese. The Army had been supplying soggy cooked rice, but finally asked for help in its kitchens. Said a mess sergeant:

"Come and show us how to cook it properly." A score of Vietnamese women volunteered. A minor crisis arose when the camp ran out of soy sauce.

Severe trouble almost erupted when Lieut. General Dang Van Quang, who headed secret-police operations under President Nguyen Van Thieu, was spotted leaving the base snack bar. A group of young captains and majors surrounded Quang, whom many of his countrymen regarded as one of Viet Nam's most corrupt generals, but they eventually dispersed.

At Florida's Eglin Air Force Base, some 2,400 refugees housed in a tent city began their new lives with heavy doses of American culture. They watched such movies as the James Bond thriller *Live and Let Die* and *The Way We Were*. Children wandered the camp munching dry cornflakes from boxes or worked at the aerodynamic mysteries of the Frisbee. But there were touches of home. A Vietnamese priest, Joseph Hoc, came from Boston to hold daily Mass for the Catholics. A Ceylonese monk, Henepola Gunaratana, set up a vihara (shrine) for the Buddhists. Seeing the monk was an emotional experience for the refugees. "They burst into tears," he said. "I might have reminded them of their native land."

A One-Man Relief Mission

Three weeks ago, as the fall of South Viet Nam grew imminent, Jim Mills, 39, a trucking contractor in Livermore, Calif., became increasingly uneasy. He had spent six months in Viet Nam in 1967 as an aircraft maintenance engineer and had made many Vietnamese friends. As he read and watched the before-the-fall reports out of Saigon, he recalls, "I said to my wife, 'What do you think?' She knows I'm a nut." Two days later Mills headed for Saigon, carrying \$10,000 in cash. By last week his spontaneous, one-man relief mission had whisked 110 Vietnamese out of harm's way.

He began right at the San Francisco airport. There he encountered two Vietnamese students who pressed on him the names of 20 relatives trying to get out of the homeland. Aboard a plane from Hong Kong to Saigon, his seatmate was a Mrs. Xuan, who was attempting to get out some of her own Vietnamese relatives. She and Mills joined forces, and in a frantic two days in Saigon they rounded up 16 of her kin as well as the 20 relatives of the two students from San Francisco and five of Mills' old friends. He also took in tow a stray missionary and a student. By offering to be their sponsor, and talking persuasively to both U.S. and South Vietnamese officials, Mills got all 43 of the people aboard U.S. C-141s bound for Guam—and safety.

Then Mills heard that an Air America C-46 plane with 58 Vietnamese aboard had left Saigon illegally for Bangkok. Mills immediately went to their aid. At Bangkok he found the stranded 58 Vietnamese under the baleful eyes of Thai authorities. Mills took the whole bunch under his wing and told the immigration authorities that he would sponsor the group. He persuaded Swissair to fly the 58 to Hong Kong; the airline was technically violating the law, since the Vietnamese had no proper landing clearance or onward transportation. Never fearing, Mills cheerfully paid out \$8,100 of his own for the group's passage. As Mills told TIME Correspondent David Aikman: "I would have bought tickets to Guam, but I didn't have enough money. I thought we would be sent on to Guam as soon as we got to Hong Kong."

No such luck. Hong Kong authorities threatened to return the group to Bangkok. At the airport, Mills picked up nine other stranded Vietnamese. All were taken into custody and detained at an old British army camp. But Mills appears to have been successful in persuading the U.S. consul general to allow his charges to fly on to Guam, even offering to pay their fares. "I'll buy the tickets if I have to hawk my left ear." The refugees probably will be released



MILLS WITH VIETNAMESE CHARGES

from the camp this week. In the meantime, Mills and Swissair have kept up their hopes. The airline has supplied food and clothes, and Mills acts as the group's personal legal counsel, moral overseer and English teacher. He has also spent nearly \$2,000 for clothing, food and toys. Says Mills, "I've been buying bras, baby clothes, milk and bread—playing mama for them."

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and they might have felt homesick."

At week's end the Immigration and Naturalization Service, responding to congressional pressures, injected a new bureaucratic note into the already complicated business of trying to find new homes for the Vietnamese. All the newcomers, said INS, will now have to undergo time-consuming security checks before they are allowed to leave the camps. It is standard immigration procedure, but since the refugees left their pasts and their records in a country now occupied by the Communists, the check may simply slow down the flow of refugees all along the line, from Guam to the U.S., and force them to spend weeks in the camps.

Once they get out, the newcomers get much help from Americans, who are doing what they can. The town council of Beckley, W. Va. (pop. 24,700), voted to support two families. A firm in El Dorado, Kans., planned to train some refugees as construction workers.

In New Hartford, Conn., Carol Karvazy, wife of a refugee from Hungary's 1956 uprising, organized the town to sponsor two Vietnamese brothers, their wives and eight children, who were warmly welcomed there last week. In Faribault, Minn., John and Margaret Kennedy had eleven new Vietnamese faces—two adults and nine children—around the kitchen table in their small, two-bedroom house. In Tulsa, Okla., a gas-station owner, E.A. Stehle, set off with his wife in their Cadillac Eldorado for Fort Chaffee, determined to do what he could to help a Vietnamese family. Before the day was out, they returned with Colonel Nguyen Bang and eight members of his family wedged in the car. "We have to do what we think is right," said Stehle, who undertook to get the Bang family settled in Tulsa. Colonel Bang will work in the filling station and hopes to become a mechanic.

Culture Shock. Miami's Cuban community took in four families—31 refugees—who were housed in a non-descript motel in the city's Little Havana section. "It's only natural," says Sylvia Goudie, who fled Cuba in 1960. "If we, the Cubans, don't help them, who is going to do it?" In Loma Linda, Calif., the Seventh-day Adventist community sponsored en masse the 388 doctors, nurses and medical technicians from Saigon's Adventist Hospital.

Apart from all their other problems—finding work, worrying about family left behind—most of the Vietnamese newcomers were somewhat dazedly trying to master their culture shock. As one refugee at Fort Chaffee said: "Conditions are so strange here." Cao Huynh, a 23-year-old student, has just settled in lower Manhattan with six younger brothers and sisters. He is happy at the welcome he received. But he says wistfully: "Viet Nam is still Viet Nam. I still love that country, and I have to go back—if the Communists flee away."



APPREHENDED YUGOSLAV GYPSIES WHO ENTERED THE U.S. ILLEGALLY THROUGH MEXICO

ALIENS

The Enterprising Border Jumpers

The 35,000 Vietnamese breadwinners who are legally entering the U.S. will scarcely make a dent in the job market. But the nation's unemployment problem is being aggravated by a far greater number of people who have slipped into the U.S. illegally, either by stealing across the borders or by overstaying their visas. Despite its economic and social difficulties, the U.S. remains the promised land—but only 400,000 people were able to immigrate legally last year. Many more successfully evaded the law, and they make up a monumental migraine for the understaffed and overburdened Immigration and Naturalization Service. In fiscal 1974, the INS caught nearly 800,000 so-called illegal aliens. It estimates that four times that many entered during the year, and that 6 million to 8 million illegals are living in every cranny of the land. It is a difficult number of people to keep track of—much less track down. INS Commissioner Leonard F. Chapman Jr. claims that 1 million of them hold jobs that might be filled by unemployed citizens.

The illegals pour in from practically everywhere. Mexicans, many of them migratory farm workers, are the most prominent group. Other large contingents include Canadians, West Indians, Latin Americans, Greeks and overseas Chinese. Most gravitate to the large cities, where jobs are more plentiful and they can easily escape detection by fading into the crowd. The INS believes that there are 1.5 million unlawful aliens in and around New York City and half a million each in the Chicago and San Antonio areas. Los Angeles Deputy Mayor

Manuel Aragon says that one person out of eight in his city—about 350,000 in all—is in the U.S. unlawfully.*

The illegals come to the U.S. with hopes of economic betterment, but once they arrive many discover that they can expect to have a hard time. Unable to complain to authorities, aliens working as domestics, farm hands, restaurant employees or garmentmakers often must tolerate meager wages in return for the tasks they perform and sweatshop conditions on the job. Says a young Greek who jumped ship seven years ago: "We don't take jobs away from the Americans. Greeks wash dishes in restaurants for \$100 a week. Americans won't do that." Yet in March, when the INS rounded up 50 aliens employed by a Chicago janitorial firm, 150 people instantly applied for the vacated jobs. Many illegals have taken positions that would eagerly be filled by the least employable Americans: ghetto youth and unskilled workers.

Statue Painters. An increasing number of illegals have landed desirable jobs. According to Chapman, more than a third now employed are working in industry. Some Mexicans who have entered Texas illegally earn close to \$5 an hour in small factories; one was even found managing a Laredo plastics plant at \$20,000 a year. The INS's files include reports of a Greek plumber earning \$12 an hour, a Jamaican carpenter earning

*There are, in addition, more than 4 million aliens legally residing permanently in the U.S. and fully entitled to hold jobs. Most came in under immigration quotas or are close relatives of U.S. citizens.

\$7 an hour and a West Indian electronics engineer taking in \$17,000 a year. An immigration raid on a Miami restaurant turned up 14 illegally entered employees, including a Swiss assistant manager getting \$11,000 a year. One enterprising Venezuelan was clearing \$750 a week from a construction job on the Alaska pipeline. Immigration authorities in New York discovered two illegals who were making \$400 a week—painting the Statue of Liberty. Two illegals, working for a firm under contract to the General Services Administration, were found not long ago working as janitors at the INS headquarters in Washington.

A great many illegals do not file income tax returns and also manage to have only a minuscule portion of their paychecks withheld by claiming more dependents than they actually have. At the same time, they benefit as much as many of their neighbors do from tax-supported social services, including schools and hospitals.

Outright Fraud. Getting into the U.S.—and staying there—is relatively easy. Only 1,700 border agents police the nation's lengthy northern and southern perimeters, and the INS has a mere 900 investigators working in the nation's cities. Concedes Chapman: "Some 80% to 90% of the illegal aliens in this country are virtually beyond our reach." At least 300,000 persons arriving last year in the U.S. as tourists or students simply failed to leave. Tens of thousands more are spirited in by professional smugglers, who command as much as \$1,500 for their services. Others make their way by outright fraud. One Miami woman had hustled 14 aliens into the country at last count. She married six, her two daughters each married three, and her common-law husband took two more as wives.

The INS plans to hire 213 more border patrolmen next year, hardly enough to make an appreciable difference. Says Chapman: "There is only one practical way to stop, or even slow, the vast numbers who seek to come to this country by any means available—that is to eliminate the attraction that brings them here. That attraction is jobs." In 1972 New Jersey Congressman Peter Rodino introduced a bill that would make it a crime for employers to knowingly hire illegal aliens. Under the bill an employer, beginning with his third offense, could spend a year in jail for each illegal alien that he took on.

The bill passed the House in the past two Congresses but was stymied in the Senate by Judiciary Chairman James Eastland of Mississippi. He insisted on dropping any criminal penalties and on allowing alien farm workers to be admitted if domestic labor is in short supply. The INS, organized labor and the Justice Department have come out in support of the Rodino bill, and even Eastland says that "the prospects are good this year" for its passage.

FOREIGN POLICY

And Now, Baseball Diplomacy?

For twelve years, Fidel Castro's Cuba has been out in the cold—banished from the councils of its hemisphere neighbors in the Organization of American States, and the victim of a formal diplomatic and economic embargo imposed by the U.S. and the rest of Latin America. Or so it has been in theory. In practice, ten countries, including Venezuela, Colombia and Argentina, have resumed diplomatic relations with the Western Hemisphere's only Communist government. Despite the embargo, trade between Cuba and OAS nations is growing rapidly, and a number of foreign subsidiaries of American firms participated in a Mexican-sponsored trade fair in Havana in March. As one Mexican foreign officer put it last week: "The return of Cuba from years of isolation is a *fait accompli*."

Not quite. Washington is not yet prepared to lift the embargo, although pressures have been mounting within both the State Department and Congress for normalizing American-Cuban relations. Last week Senator George McGovern, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, flew to Cuba for a four-day visit. The former Democratic presidential nominee was the third Senator to make a factfinding visit to Cuba in the past eight months.* He went, as he put it, "to see for myself what the Cubans have accomplished in their system. I'm going to try to learn. I want to see what they're doing in health,

education and agriculture. I want to see what they're doing in the political field."

McGovern's timing was apt. It came right before the opening of the OAS foreign ministers' meeting in Washington last week. The Cuba issue was not on the group's formal agenda, but Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said he thinks that the OAS has reached a "general understanding" on a formula for ending the trade and diplomatic embargo. At the same time, two congressional subcommittees opened joint hearings aimed at proposing new legislation that could lift the economic embargo.

Popular Refrain. Castro has clearly indicated his willingness to make concessions in order to improve relations with the U.S. In February 1973, he signed an agreement with Washington that provided for the prosecution or extradition of hijackers, which virtually eliminated a wave of hijackings to Cuba. In recent months, he has also acted to restore free elections and a measure of democratic rule to Cuba. Castro's failure to hold free elections had become a major preoccupation of Cuba's 9 million people, as well as a popular refrain among foreign critics of the Cuban revolution. Last week *Granma*, the official Communist Party organ, published a draft of a proposed new constitution, which provides for an elected National Assembly; it is expected to be submitted to a public referendum later this year.

Accompanied by 30 U.S. newsmen, including TIME Washington Correspondent Jerry Hannifin, McGovern and his wife Eleanor were given an extensive

*Republican Jacob Javits of New York and Rhode Island Democrat Claiborne Pell visited Cuba last September. Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy is planning to go in June.

PREMIER CASTRO (RIGHT) LIGHTS SENATOR MCGOVERN'S CIGAR AT FARM NEAR HAVANA



THE NATION

whirlwind tour of educational, health and agricultural facilities developed during the Castro regime. Cabled Hannifin: "Amiable, wisecracking and radiating charisma and confidence, Castro as usual turned up unexpectedly and unannounced, at a state agricultural farm managed by his half-brother Ramón. There he took the McGovern in tow, riding around in his Russian-built command car (with a special rack for his Kalashnikov rifle).

"They went first to a milking station, where Castro expounded knowledgeably on cattle stock and breeding. He popped in for ice-cream cones for the entourage at a dairy station, announcing expansively: 'They're at government expense.' Then he led everybody into the Santa Clara Rum Co. warehouse, and supervised the sampling of 100-proof rum. McGovern barely sipped the stuff and puckered up. 'Don't light a match,' cautioned Fidel cheerfully. 'The place will blow up.'

"Back in Havana that night, a friendly and relaxed Castro held a wide-open press conference in the book-lined library of the Palacio de la Revolución. At times he spoke so softly as to be barely audible, but his message was clear: Cuba is prepared to move immediately toward normalization of relations with the U.S. Nonetheless, he could not conceal his disappointment that Washington had not responded to his signing of the hijacking agreement with a 'reciprocal gesture' of its own. 'We wish friendship,' he declared with obvious sincerity. 'We belong to two different worlds, but we are neighbors. One way or another we owe it to ourselves to live in peace.'

Sport Exchange. Castro also said that 1) former President Nixon had "a personal hostility against Cuba," but that President Ford does not; 2) the CIA had organized and subsidized numerous assassination plots against him; 3) it would have been "absurd, irresponsible, crazy—and a very dangerous measure" for Cuba to have plotted the assassination of John F. Kennedy, as some theorists have suggested; 4) the OAS, "which has had a sad role as an instrument of U.S. domination," was no longer trustworthy or useful.

At his own press conference in Havana the next day, McGovern, visibly worn from a post-midnight Castro-conducted tour of the city, proposed that one starting point for bettering relations might be an exchange of baseball and basketball teams between the two countries—a suggestion the Cuban Premier immediately embraced. Added McGovern: "The embargo is foolish and self-defeating. The sooner we lift it the better. The next move where Cuba is concerned is up to the U.S." At week's end White House officials said that they welcomed Castro's conciliatory remarks, but that a formal lifting of diplomatic and trade curbs would have to await action by the OAS.



WALLACE & FAMILY DURING WORLD WAR II

COMMENT

Wallace's Revisionism

In a rambling talk to 25 foreign journalists visiting his office last March, Alabama Governor George Wallace expressed some of his views on international affairs. Said he: "I think we were fighting the wrong people, maybe, in World War II, and I say that with all due regard to the Soviet, ah, person here."

From Wallace, a World War II Army Air Forces flight engineer who had ten missions over Japan, that was quite a bombshell. He felt that if the U.S. had done more to cultivate the friendship of Germany and Japan after World War I instead of being antagonistic, "there wouldn't have been any Hitler." The Japanese, he declared, were "provoked to a certain extent by people, by interests in this country that helped to bring about Pearl Harbor." Without the war against the Axis powers, there would be today a "good buffer in the East against the Soviet and Chinese expansion plans."

Last week the Washington Post, which got a tape of the meeting, published some quotes, and Wallace rushed to amend the record, by coincidence on the 30th anniversary of V-E day. In World War II, he said, the U.S. was "fighting the right people, but our diplomacy led us to fight people who should have been our friends." That revision made Wallace's original statement sound more reasonable, but his remarks will add to the worry in the liberal and moderate wings of the Democratic Party, which are already alarmed by his steady rise in the presidential polls.

POLITICS

Ford Drives for '76

Would he or wouldn't he run for President? That question has been debated on and over since Gerald Ford became the first appointed Chief Executive under the 25th Amendment. Although the President has often said that he would be a candidate in 1976, doubts have persisted. Last week, with former California Governor Ronald Reagan increasingly looking as if he might challenge Ford, the President grasped the reality that he must act more forcefully like a candidate and start a campaign organization rolling.

Thus, the President moved to give his most definitive answer to date on the question of his own candidacy. Yes indeed he would run, he said at his press conference, although he stopped just short of a formal declaration. "I intend to be a candidate. I believe that I have the best opportunity to solidify the Republican Party, getting strength from both the right as well as the left within the Republican spectrum, and to put on a good campaign against the individual that the Democratic Party nominates."

The day after Ford's press conference, a newly formed steering committee met to start mapping strategy. The committee is a careful blending of G.O.P. factions. Representing the party's right wing are Dean Burch, who was a key strategist in Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign, and Richard L. Herman, former national committeeman from Nebraska. From the left are former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton and Robert Douglass, a New York attorney who is close to Nelson Rockefeller. In the center are Bryce Harlow, an old White House hand (now a lobbyist for Procter & Gamble) who was an adviser to Presidents Eisenhower and Nixon; former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, a longtime congressional ally of Ford's; and another old friend, Leon Parma, group executive for Teledyne, Inc. in San Diego, who served as the top staffer on the G.O.P. congressional campaign committee for twelve years.

Biggest Threat. The first meeting failed to name a campaign director. Laird was everybody's first choice, but he declined, preferring to stay on as a troubleshooter for The Reader's Digest Association Inc. Another possibility is Donald Rumsfeld, White House chief of staff. Rumsfeld might be reluctant to give up his powerful post for the rigors of managing a tough campaign, but if he thought the President was in serious danger of losing, he would probably make the plunge. George Bush, chief of the U.S. liaison office in Peking, has also been mentioned. An adroit U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations for two years, Bush won broad popularity within his party for the tact and loyalty he

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THE NATION

demonstrated as national chairman in the worst days of Watergate. A third candidate is Herman, who won his organizational spurs by deftly moving the 1972 G.O.P. National Convention to Miami Beach from San Diego, where it had fallen under the cloud of the ITT contribution scandal.

Looking ahead, Ford's campaign advisers discern the biggest threat from the right. Reagan is traveling around the country and obliquely criticizing the President for his budget deficit, his compromises with Congress on spending and his fairly liberal Cabinet appointments. The conservative Californian has logged approximately 65,000 miles in visits to 30 states. He is also given wide exposure by a twice-weekly column carried by 195 newspapers and a radio broadcast every weekday over 274 stations. Among nine candidates in the latest Gallup poll, Reagan got 22% of the Republican vote, v. Ford's 34%.

Presidential advisers are encouraged by private polls that show Ford's approval rating rising in areas that he has visited, for example, Topeka, Kans., and heavily Democratic Miami. In a nationwide sampling the President did not score very well with older voters, perhaps because of inflation, but he got a surprising 53% approval rating from people aged 18 to 24. "He needs this eye-to-eye, face-to-face, hand-to-hand contact," says presidential Counsellor Robert Hartmann. "The more the better. He can read Shakespeare to people if he wants to. But he has to get out there."

TRIALS

More Sour Milk

Investigations by Special Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski's office led to convictions or guilty pleas for 27 aides and agents of former President Richard Nixon. Last week they were joined by a former top aide to a high-ranking Democrat. A federal court in Manhattan convicted Minneapolis Lawyer Jack L. Chestnut, 42, who managed Hubert Humphrey's comeback campaign for the Senate in 1970, of accepting \$12,000 in illegal campaign contributions from Associated Milk Producers, Inc.

The AMPI is the largest U.S. dairy cooperative and one of the nation's most munificent backers of politicians. According to evidence presented to Watergate investigators, AMPI and two other dairy cooperatives contributed between \$537,000 and \$737,000 to President Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign in hopes of gaining higher federal milk-price supports.

In the case of Chestnut, Government witnesses testified that he had used the \$12,000 to pay for two months of advertising work for Humphrey's Senate campaign. Bob A. Lilly, former assistant to the AMPI general manager, told



FORMER HUMPHREY AIDE CHESTNUT
Two checks for \$6,000 each.

the court that on Chestnut's instructions he had sent Chestnut two checks for \$6,000 each.

Appearing as a prosecution witness, Humphrey admitted that he had sought the support of the milk cooperative, but said that he had "no personal knowledge" of the financial arrangements, which had been left to "the campaign committee and Mr. Chestnut." After the verdict was handed down, Chestnut reiterated his testimony that he could not recall making arrangements for the contribution. He also claimed that he had thought that all AMPI contributions to the campaign had come from the cooperative's legitimate political arm and not from its corporate funds. Chestnut plans to appeal. If the verdict is upheld, he could be sentenced to two years in jail and fined \$10,000.

FARM WORKERS' LEADER CHAVEZ



LABOR

California Compromise

When Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal pushed through the nation's labor legislation in the '30s, one group of workers remained conspicuously unprotected: the farm workers. Last week California's Governor Edmund Brown Jr. won initial legislative approval for a bill that would finally give farm workers in one of the nation's richest agricultural states the protective legal umbrella they have long sought.

The difficulties go back to 1962, when Cesar Chavez, the union leader, started organizing farm workers; his grape boycott compelled many California growers to bargain with his United Farm Workers. Only a few years after Chavez had won that victory, however, the Teamsters Union moved into the California fields, using greater resources and occasionally bullyboy harassment. Often without the approval of their employees, many of the growers who had signed with Chavez jumped over to the Teamsters; that union seemed to offer them less trouble. At the same time, many workers also turned to the Teamsters, who ran a more efficient organization.

Free Choice. Chavez was better at leading strikes than at administering union services or parceling out jobs equitably. Membership in Chavez's union plunged from 55,000 in 1972 to as low as 6,000 today; by contrast, the Teamsters now have 55,000 members. Bloody organizational fights between the two unions have become almost routine, and Chavez has maintained boycotts of lettuce not picked by his workers, and of table grapes and all wines produced by the E. & J. Gallo Winery. Gallo's workers in 1973 switched from the Chavez union to the Teamsters, but only in an unsupervised vote.

In a 60-hour session early this month with representatives of Chavez and 17 growers—the Teamsters would not join in—the Governor produced a compromise bill. Under the measure, the farm workers, beginning next January, will be able to vote with secret ballots in state-supervised elections for any union they want. Secondary boycotts—picketing liquor stores that carry Gallo wines, for example—will be restricted, limiting Chavez's use of one of his most effective weapons.

Chavez supports the bill because he says that he can depose the Teamsters in almost all the elections. Gallo backs the bill and so do the growers. The Teamsters are opposed to it. The bill's chances in the California legislature are good nonetheless; a state senate committee has approved it by a 5-to-1 margin. There will probably not be an immediate end to the labor conflicts even if the bill is passed, but it is at least a move toward peace—and the legally protected free choice of unions for farm workers.

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America and the World Out There

The following is excerpted from a speech delivered by the Editor in Chief of Time Inc. at Deere & Company in Moline, Ill.

"Crisis" gets fearfully overworked, and journalism may be the chief offender, but sometimes there is no avoiding the word: the U.S. is caught up in a crisis of foreign policy. It is not so much the dangers and difficulties pressing on us from abroad, as a crisis in the making of foreign policy here at home—in the process itself and in the thinking that underlies the policy.

The war in Viet Nam and the scandal of Watergate dominated a whole decade of our national life and led to a severe alienation of many Americans, especially the young, from their Government. Two Presidents were destroyed by those two tragedies. Now we have in the White House our first appointed President, a nice man with a weak base in Congress and spotty ratings in the public opinion polls. So we came up to the very harsh events of this spring of 1975 with our whole foreign policy process, which has come to rest heavily on popular trust in the Executive, already in disrepair.

We have to recognize that the almost unanimous popular and congressional support of a highly activist foreign policy, which lasted from Pearl Harbor in 1941 to about the middle of the 1960s, was something new in American history. The older American pattern was popular apathy about foreign affairs, in which the President often shared, or else a sharply divided public opinion, as in 1939-41, or 1914-17.

We also have to remember that the tremendous preponderance of American power in the world, from roughly 1945 to the early 1960s, in itself was another abnormality. It could not have lasted, and it did not. We had been a major power from about 1900 on, and then after World War I, the strongest single power. But we came out of World War II a kind of colossus, with more economic and military power than all the rest of the world put together. Even ten years after the end of World War II, with Europe and Japan both fully recovered from war damage and with their production higher than prewar, the American gross national product was 36% of the total G.N.P. of the world, including the Soviet. As late as the Cuban missile crisis in '62, we probably outweighed the Soviet Union at least 10 to 1 in nuclear striking force. All that has changed. Today we are in rough military parity with the Soviet Union; our G.N.P. in 1974 was 27% of world G.N.P.

At the same time, we have in America a far bigger and better-informed foreign policy constituency than ever before. The problems of conducting foreign policy in front of and with the consent of this constituency are something new. Henry Kissinger, in his melancholy vein, recently despaired as to whether you can have a truly consistent foreign policy in a democracy. He is sometimes accused of hankering after the good old days of Prince Metetrich—one autocrat who can say yes or no; one agent who can speak for the autocrat; no necessity to troop up to Capitol Hill and explain it to six different committees that may then vote against you. But the formation of foreign policy in a wide-open democracy that happens to be a superpower is an art and a relationship we have to figure out, we the people as well as the government.

► We must start by not expecting complete consensus, except in times of a major war. A coherent foreign policy must start with a coherent view of our purposes as a nation, and it is not a bad thing if two or more strong views of the national purpose are in contention. But one such view must be advocated and articulated

by the Administration, far more clearly than the Ford Administration has done. Indeed, that should be one of the definitions of an Administration: that it has a clear view of the national purpose. Opposition politicians are entitled to oppose. Private citizens may agree or disagree, or improve and amend as they can.

► It might be an interesting experiment in November 1976 if we were to elect a President and Congress of the same party. For the past quarter-century, more often than not the party in control of the White House has not controlled both houses of the Congress. We have proved that such a system can operate—sort of. But must we make it standard practice? It imposes enormous strains on the conduct of foreign policy in an increasingly complex and sometimes dangerous world.

► Our foreign policy must be supported by a powerful defense establishment. The Defense Department should get just about everything it is now asking for: authorizations totaling \$105 billion in the coming fiscal year, actual spending projected at \$93 billion. This would still represent about as low a level of defense spending, as a proportion of national output, as we have had in 25 years. It is very likely that the Soviet Union in real money is now outspending us on defense.

► We need generously funded intelligence services permitted to operate in secrecy. There is no proof that the CIA in any important way has infringed on the domestic liberties of American citizens. If we want to worry about the CIA, the thing to worry about is: Is it really good enough at its work? Congressional scrutiny of our intelligence activities must somehow be improved, without having it all end up on the front page.

Those are things we can do at home, things entirely within our own control. As we look outward, can we form a coherent realistic view of that deeply complicated, enormously varied world out there? Equally difficult, can we arrive at a world view without casting it in concrete—can we accept that we will have to change it, can we learn to keep it up to date?

We must begin by distinguishing areas of vital interest to the U.S. from areas of limited interest and from areas of marginal or negligible interest.

The U.S. has a vital interest in the independence of the countries of North America and the Caribbean, of Western Europe and Japan. Even within the North American citadel, however, we have seen a country "go Communist," Cuba, without lethal consequences to our security.

Within our high-priority regions of concern we would surely include the special cases of Israel, Australia and New Zealand, not on any hard-boiled strategic reasoning but because of historical ties and moral commitments. These attachments are also part of the real world. We have defense undertakings with South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand and the Philippines and U.S. forces stationed there. That is another form of reality, subject to renegotiation, of course, on our part and theirs.

Within our zone of vital interests, clearly there are some important differences in the character of U.S. commitments and obviously in the attitudes of the other governments. A country may be crucially situated, from the U.S. strategic viewpoint, and it may be thoroughly congenial, i.e., democratic in its ideology, and still not particularly receptive to any sort of leadership from the United States—witness France, or for that matter, Canada.

That, then, is what might be called "our side," and there is



ESSAY

no need to feel embarrassed at calling it the "free world." It does in fact include almost all the truly free societies of this world, and it includes only a few that are not. But it is not a monolithic bloc in itself, and it excludes a number of important nations whose interests on many matters may coincide with our own.

South America is perhaps a kind of courtesy member of the free world, democratic in only one or two of its governments, a rich continent of considerable economic and strategic interest with a special relationship with the United States, yet still a little removed from the main theater of international politics.

The Third World, so-called, is a place of vast variety. Originally, and rather vaguely, it meant the countries that were not Communist or clearly anti-Communist, which were neutralist in foreign policy, with a general implication that they were also underdeveloped economically and usually not of the white race. A later euphemism was the L.D.C.s—the less developed countries. (A grammatical purist might object that all of the countries in the world except Abu Dhabi, which has the highest real income per capita, are by definition L.D.C.s.) Now, as the number of countries on earth has kept increasing and as the disparities in resources become more and more spectacular, people are speaking of a Fourth World, meaning Bangladesh, India, Uganda and many others deep in poverty, lacking sufficient export earnings.

The classic geographic-strategic considerations in foreign policy are now clearly intersected and overlaid by a whole mosaic of economic and technological considerations. It still matters to the U.S. for all the sound traditional reasons, whether the Soviet Union acquires Atlantic Ocean naval facilities from Portugal. But it might matter to us just as much how the new King Khalid of Saudi Arabia and his half-brother Prince Fahd feel about the U.S. The lines of north-south traffic and controversy between the major raw-materials producers and consumers are a kind of crosshatch over the familiar national lines of conflict and alliance within the northern latitudes. Oil is the obvious and overwhelming example of the new power relationships. Other raw materials may become almost equally famous. It is worth remembering that the U.S. is the world's most prolific and efficient producer of the most fundamental material of all: food. We must also get used to the idea that foreign policy is about weather control and birth control, desalination, pollution, the law of the seabed.

The whole history of the 30 years since World War II suggests that nations and nationalism are more powerful than many visionaries had supposed or hoped. Internationalism of any sort is more fragile. Yet interdependence does increase. We give up some measure of sovereignty every time we sign a trade agreement or any other form of international undertaking. We will be signing more of these, unless we retreat toward autarchy. And maddening as the United Nations can be, we must be willing to take it and other multilateral organizations seriously, or help reform them, or help invent better international institutions.

But what about the Second World, once considered "the enemy," now merely "our adversaries" when the President or Secretary of State wants to sound particularly firm? There is at least as much diversity in the Second World, fortunately, as in the First. There is the cleavage between the Soviet Union and China—perhaps not permanent but certainly one of the momentous facts of world politics today. There is the somewhat separate world of the Eastern European states. There is Yugoslavia, proof, at least as long as Marshal Tito lives, that a neutralist, independent Communist state is possible. It has often been suggested that a Communist Viet Nam could practice a kind of Asian Titoism. We shall see.

It was a great act of statecraft on the part of President Nixon and Secretary Kissinger to damp down the cold war, open up a relationship with Communist China, and pursue détente with the Soviet Union. When people say the opening to China was all ballyhoo and what has America actually got out of it, the short-term answer surely is: A sounder relationship with the Soviet Union. The Soviets are indeed adversar-

ies, tough and still baffling in many ways, but there is no prudent alternative to trying to reach some understandings with them, especially on nuclear arms control, and also on the Middle East.

Détente, of course, creates a general philosophical vacuum in American foreign policy. We no longer have any overarching world crisis that tells us how to classify and react to each particular situation. We miss the black and white days of the cold war. Détente is preferable, but it has a price.

The heavy Soviet and Chinese backing of North Viet Nam does not prove that détente is a fraud. It does suggest that détente had long since made our own Viet Nam policy obsolete. Our intervention in Viet Nam began when Russia and China were seen as a monolithic force pressing outward against all their boundaries through subversion and proxy aggressions. An insuperable logical difficulty arose when our Government in 1971-72 began treating Russia and China as trustworthy people to negotiate with, while at the same time insisting that the little Communist state of North Viet Nam was still a grave threat to world order. We could not have it both ways, as was tragically clear in these past several weeks.

Does the Communist capture of South Viet Nam and Cambodia prove that the U.S. is an unreliable ally? The fall of Southeast Asia is unquestionably a defeat for the U.S.—not so much because of its intrinsic importance as because of the importance we insisted on giving it, and not because it creates doubt so much about our faithfulness as about our judgment and our competence. In this sense, there really is such a thing as worldwide "credibility," not to be exaggerated, not to be dismissed.

The leading exaggerators, shockingly enough, were the President of the U.S. and the Secretary of State. For a fortnight or more, they kept applying to the events in Cambodia and Viet Nam a kind of twilight-of-civilization rhetoric and even urged the world to believe that if these regimes fell it would be because the U.S. had betrayed them. They have since toned down that line of talk, and doubtless we shall recover from those self-inflicted wounds. But Viet Nam will haunt us for a long time to come.

Our failure in Southeast Asia must not be allowed to generate a neo-isolationism. It should help us understand that there are considerable parts of the world where our ability to influence events is modest and where our fundamental interests are slight. We must respect the diversity of the world. We must also renew our faith in the possibility of progress—there are, in fact, plenty of examples of it out there. We must recognize that there are limits on American power without denying or deploring the very great power that we do have.

The bedrock purpose of our foreign policy is, in the end, to preserve the independence, freedom and prosperity of the U.S. Everything else is ways and means. Except for one thing: we also expect our foreign policy to enable us to feel good about being Americans, to feel good and be good.

The founders thought of America as a beacon to mankind, "a city on a hill." Abraham Lincoln called us the last, best hope of earth. We would be a little wary about making those claims today, but most Americans still support, even demand elements of idealism in our foreign policy.

General de Gaulle began his memoirs with the declaration that France is herself only when she is great. Most Americans still feel that America is herself only when she stands for something in the world, something more than sheer self-interest.

We must be steadfast friends to the countries that share our values, for their sake as well as ours. We must have a vision of a livable international order that can accommodate nations with internal systems very different from our own. That vision must offer hope and real help to the countries that have least. We must spell out that vision in terms addressed to the 1970s and '80s, work for it, lobby for it, offer leadership without attempting to impose it. And in the close choices—of which there are a good many in foreign policy—we should come down on the side of generosity and a willingness to take some chances on behalf of liberty.

■Hedley Donovan

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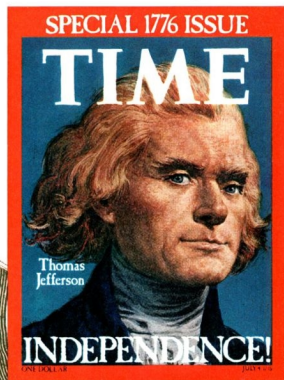
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Half Past May

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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland



WOMEN SOLDIERS IN HANOI (LEFT) CELEBRATE VICTORY; COMMUNIST TROOPS IN DANANG STAND ATOP ABANDONED U.S.-MADE TANK

THE WORLD

VIET NAM

Saigon: A Calm Week Under Communism

To restore order, to maintain calm, to remold South Viet Nam into a new socialist image—these were the tasks facing the new Communist rulers of Viet Nam last week. In the ten days after their triumphant entry into Saigon, they wasted no time in starting on them. Reports from the new Viet Nam—some from the Communists' Liberation Radio, but others from reputable Western journalists still in the city—suggested that calm and order had indeed been quickly restored. Unlike the ruthless new rulers of Cambodia (see story page 26), the victors in Viet Nam seemed anxious to win the good will of a population that only days before had been in a state of panic. The Communists gave every indication that they would establish tight, unopposed control over the land and people that had suddenly become theirs. But the mood in South Viet Nam last week was one of relief and calm as the conquerors took their first steps away from the art of war and toward the less spectacular, more complex art of governing.

At a mass rally held at the gleaming presidential palace in Saigon on the 21st anniversary of the Communists' victory over the French at Dien Bien Phu, the new rulers officially introduced themselves. Chief among them was General Tran Van Tra, 57, a onetime peasant from a village near the North-South border who was head of the Viet Cong's armed forces during the war (TIME, May 5). Tra introduced the eleven-member military administration committee that will direct Saigon's return to normality. In his speech, delivered beneath a huge picture of Ho Chi

Minh, Tra praised the "fierce anti-American spirit" of the South Vietnamese and promised leniency toward those who had worked for the old government or for the U.S.

Indeed, the rule of the Provisional Revolutionary Government in its first week seemed to combine a surprising degree of moderation and conciliation with some unmistakable moves toward consolidating political control. The 120 foreign journalists who remained in Saigon after the surrender of the old government were at first allowed to move around unrestricted; press communications with the rest of the world—suspended hours after the Communist entry into Saigon—were restored. By week's end, however, the government announced that all foreigners, including newsmen, would have to register with the new authorities and that sensitive areas such as the airport and the harbor would henceforth be off limits. Within the country, news was being carefully managed. All non-Communist newspapers in the capital were suppressed. The city's only sources of information were the government-controlled radio, a new newspaper called *Saigon Liberation* and a few copies of two Hanoi newspapers.

Stern Warning. There was a similarly controlled return to normality in other areas of life. Within days, Saigon's stores—and a black market well stocked with goods looted from the American PX—had reopened, though banks were still closed and all transactions were ordered to be conducted in the currency of the old regime. Flags of the victorious P.R.G. sprouted from homes,

buses, cars and bicycles alike. There was even one small resurgence of Saigon's pre-Communist decadence: on the veranda of the still operating Continental Hotel, long a hangout of foreign journalists, a few "ladies of the night" had reappeared—though no doubt the zealously puritanical Communists would put an end to prostitution. They did move quickly to remove one abuse of the old Saigon regime; on the island of Con Son, hundreds of prisoners were released from the infamous "tiger cages" where many had been kept for years.

There was no evidence so far of the bloody reprisals widely feared before the Communist takeover. There were reports that Duong Van ("Big") Minh, who as South Viet Nam's President (for two days) had handed over power to the Communists, was no longer in custody and had returned to his villa. Also released were 14 other former members of the Saigon government. All army officers and officials of the old regime were ordered to report to the new authorities and were sternly warned that if they resisted they would be "severely punished." One former ARVN captain told Associated Press Correspondent George Esper in Saigon that field-grade officers with the rank of major or higher were being taken off immediately to camps for three months' "re-education."

The conciliatory approach apparently taken by Saigon's new rulers was clearly in their own best interests. Without the gigantic American-supported apparatus that sustained its economy, South Viet Nam will need the help of all its people both to restore basic services and to make the inevitable tran-

THE WORLD

sition to a socialist system. According to Western observers, the new government did not lack for volunteers. Traffic was being directed by students, inspired, in Hanoi's words, "with revolutionary ardor"; a gigantic cleanup campaign was set in motion to rid the city's streets of the debris of the past few weeks, especially the uniforms and equipment scattered conspicuously on the streets by South Vietnamese soldiers in the hours before the Communists entered the city. The disorder and looting that also marked those hours had abruptly stopped—presumably because the new government made it clear that summary justice, meaning on-the-spot execution, would be dispensed to anybody who violated public order.

There were clear hints of more profound changes to come. The P.R.G. announced that farms, industries, and transport facilities had been nationalized. Although it would take many months before properties could be converted from private ownership to state control, Hanoi-style socialism was the new government's unwavering aim.

Hair Styles. Hinting at another long-desired goal, reunification with the North, the P.R.G. turned Saigon's clocks back one hour to conform with Hanoi time, and sections of the ancient French-built Hanoi-Saigon railway, unused during the war, were reopened. There were also signs that "liberation" of the South might have some impact on the North, especially if residents of one region were allowed to travel freely in the other. Bureaucrats in Hanoi have been studying sketches of different clothing and hair styles, apparently to enliven the drab appearance of the North.

Despite these moves, it is not yet clear when reunification will take place. The swiftness of the Communists' victory left Hanoi without enough cadres to administer towns and villages in the South; many more loyal bureaucrats need to be trained before the country can be governed from a single capital. The capitalist economy of the South, moreover, will have to undergo time-consuming changes before it can be successfully meshed with the centrally planned economy of the North.

The efforts of the P.R.G. to establish diplomatic relations with other countries—at least eleven nations, including the Soviet Union and China, have recognized the new regime—suggest that the South Vietnamese Communists expect to maintain a separate government for some time. Most U.S. experts believe that a formal linking of the two Viet Nams could take anywhere from two to five years.

Whatever the timetable it was clear, as many Southeast Asia experts have long said, that a united Viet Nam could be the dominant power of the area. With a combined population of about 43 million, it would dwarf neighboring Laos and Cambodia and be larger than Thailand (pop. 41 million). During a gen-

eration of continuous warfare, the North Vietnamese and their Viet Cong allies clearly proved themselves to be among the best-trained and best-equipped fighters in the world. The North Vietnamese army of 570,000 is four times as large as that of Thailand. In swiftly conquering the South, the Communists fell heir to some \$5 billion worth of U.S. military equipment, according to Pentagon estimates. Though nearly 200 American-built planes were flown out of Viet Nam to Thailand by escaping South Vietnamese pilots (and then largely recovered by the U.S.), dozens of aircraft fell into the Communists' hands, including 72 F-5s and A-37 jets. In addition, the North Vietnamese military picked up numerous M-48 tanks, swiftpolis-

tics TOW missiles, Jeeps, trucks and crates of rifles and machine guns.

Clearly, such military might would be worrisome to neighbors of a united Viet Nam. Nonetheless, with a war-devastated economy—and a combined G.N.P. that is only half that of Thailand's—Viet Nam under Communist rule faces an immense task of development; it will probably prefer to carry out that chore before flexing its military muscle. In any event, the Moscow-leaning Communists of Hanoi have a giant neighbor that worries about the stability of the region. China's interest in having secure and stable borders in Southeast Asia may prove to be an effective guarantee against Vietnamese expansion.

Bitter Debate on Who Got Out

While the Communists embarked on a new phase of Vietnamese history, the Americans who left Viet Nam were carrying on a bitter debate about their final hours in Saigon. At issue was Operation Frequent Wind, the massive effort to get U.S. diplomats, businessmen and journalists, along with many of their Vietnamese employees, out of the country in the days and hours before the Communist tanks moved into Saigon.

Luckily, the entire program resulted in very few casualties. Two Marines were killed in the Communist rocket attack on Tan Son Nhut Airport, and last week it was learned that their bodies had been left behind at the Seventh Day Adventist Hospital in Saigon. Nonetheless, it was becoming embarrassingly

clear that the hastily conceived operation had failed in its objective of evacuating all those Vietnamese whose lives might be endangered after the Communists came to power. U.S. officials conceded that many people had been left behind whose close connections to the Americans made them likely targets of Communist wrath. Others who had far less to fear from the new regime, including a number of prostitutes, were safely ferried to U.S. ships waiting off the Vietnamese coast.

Pet Poodle. The main problems were panic and haste. General contingency plans for the emergency departure of the Americans had been drawn up months in advance, but no definite lists of Vietnamese whose lives might

have been endangered by the Communists were drawn up until practically the last minute. Many officers and officials on the evacuation flagship U.S.S. *Blue Ridge* were openly bitter about Ambassador Graham Martin's failure to make firm, clear decisions on how the plan would actually be carried out—feelings that were hardly helped by the sight of Nitnoi, Martin's pet poodle, being given its daily turn about the deck. On evacuation day the emergency plan fell apart, leaving stranded hundreds of Vietnamese employees of the U.S. embassy, USAID and USIS. Some were never called, and buses were too crowded or failed to make their way to designated pickup points. In one shocking instance, a senior member of the embassy's Mission Council fled his post for the embassy hours before he should have, leaving his agency's evacuation program a shambles.

"Saigon didn't give a damn for us," a Foreign Service officer stationed at the U.S. consulate in the Mekong Delta city of

NITNOI ON DAILY WALK ABOARD THE U.S.S. *BLUE RIDGE*



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Can Tho told TIME Correspondent William Stewart aboard the *Blue Ridge*. "We were promised Navy choppers, but the only thing we got was a phone call telling us there was an evacuation. Not just Vietnamese were abandoned but Americans too. The embassy was exercising no initiative, no control. We were told, 'We can't worry about Delta employees.'"

In the end, no Americans who wanted to get out were left behind in Viet Nam. Many escaped through their own efforts when it became clear that the official program was failing. In Can Tho, for example, notice of the evacuation only came at the very last minute. Since helicopters had been flown to Saigon or commandeered by the CIA, the consulate's American employees and a small proportion of its Vietnamese staff went by boat down the Mekong River to the coast. After six hours of futile searching for the ship that was to have met them there, they luckily chanced upon another U.S. vessel, the *Pioneer Contender*, which brought them to safety.

Thousands of Vietnamese employees of U.S. agencies did not escape. "Why did we promise evacuation to so many Vietnamese when there was no hope of carrying it out?" asked one senior U.S. diplomat. "The signal didn't get to everybody," recounted another. "All of a sudden some people got phone calls and were told, 'Get on the helicopters and go.' 'What about our [Vietnamese] people?' 'Forget about your people. Just go.'"

"I made decisions that were wrong because I didn't know what was going on, where to turn," added a USIS official based in Saigon. "My employees' lives depended on me. Even 24-hours notice could have saved hundreds. You can feel satisfied that you got all the Americans and many Vietnamese out. But others will have nightmares for the rest of their lives for promises made and broken."

It's Criminal. In all, 115,000 Vietnamese got out of Viet Nam. The problem is that perhaps only half were those whom the U.S. really wanted. One angry Foreign Service officer from the Delta told Stewart: "It's criminal. All these politicians and VIPs who have no goddam right to get out have got out, while people who have worked for us for ten years were left behind."

Still, given the lack of casualties and the tumultuous conditions of the evacuation, the operation was not a total failure. To the extent that it was a success, some credit goes to the Communists, who did not interfere with what they obviously knew was going on. No refugee chopper was shot out of the sky, no overloaded barge sunk in the Saigon or Mekong rivers. Nonetheless, for those thousands of Vietnamese with close U.S. connections left in Saigon, the only hope was that the leniency shown by the Communists during their first week in power would become a permanent feature of their rule.

DIPLOMACY

The Importance of Sounding Earnest

Two separate and distinct political campaigns were under way in Washington last week. One, of course, was the gearing up of machinery that staffers hope will bring Gerald Ford a second term. The other was the President's campaign to convince worried leaders of Pacific nations that despite the fall of South Viet Nam, the U.S. intends to remain a superpower in the region and that its commitments and promises can still be relied upon.

In rapid succession the President met with four Prime Ministers—New Zealand's Wallace Rowling, Australia's Gough Whitlam, Britain's Harold Wilson and Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew—all on their way from a British Commonwealth meeting in Jamaica. To each, Ford gave the same basic message: despite widely voiced doubts in Asia and Europe (see story page 29) about America's dependability as an ally, in the wake of Communist victories in Cambodia and South Viet Nam, those "set-backs in no way weakened U.S. resolve to stand by its allies and friends in Asia and elsewhere." At his press conference last week, Ford forcefully struck the same note, stressing that the U.S. "can move ahead even in the Pacific... It's my aim to tie more closely together South Korea and the U.S., to reaffirm our commitment to Taiwan, to work more closely with Indonesia, with the Philippines and with other Pacific nations."

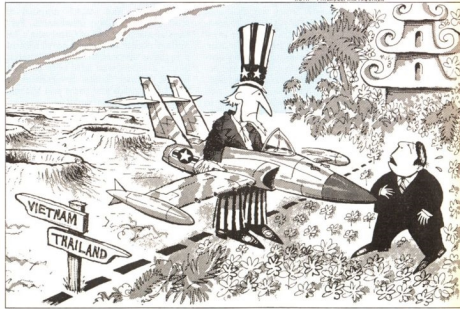
Some of the Asian nations he cited nonetheless have valid reasons for fearing that the Communist victories have

created not just ripples but potential shock waves. Laos is already feeling the impact (see story page 28); Korea could be next, in the opinion of many South Koreans. "It is obvious that the Communists will attempt to create another Indochina situation in the Korean peninsula," noted a resolution adopted last week by the [South] Korean Newspaper Association. North Korean Dictator Kim Il Sung has done nothing to alleviate the South's fears; in Peking last month he warned that "we are prepared for war. We will not hesitate to launch even war for the revolution in South Korea."

Mutual Defense. Washington feels that Seoul's anxiety is at least slightly exaggerated; many experts expect Peking or Moscow (or both) to restrain Kim (TIME, May 12). Seoul, however, still has cause for concern. Communist victories in Indochina may so embolden North Korea that it will once again send its forces across the 38th parallel, perhaps gambling that South Korean President Park Chung Hee's repressive regime (TIME, April 28) has alienated the populace. Kim may also feel that the U.S., which has a mutual defense treaty with South Korea (backed by the presence of nearly 40,000 American soldiers), is temporarily so weakened in its foreign policy that it would not respond effectively on Seoul's behalf. Undoubtedly, Pyongyang is aware of a recent U.S. poll that shows 65% of those questioned would oppose U.S. intervention in a new Korean war; only 14% would back it.

As President Ferdinand Marcos

AUTH—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER



"Please leave... we can't afford your help."

THE WORLD

explained last week, the Philippines are directly threatened not by external aggression but by "indigenous rebel forces" that get "arms, funds and supplies" from outside. Marcos was referring to two movements. One is the 2,000-member Maoist New People's Army, which may be receiving weapons and ammunition from Peking for its terrorist activities in the hill country of southern Luzon. More serious is a Moslem insurgency movement in western Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago, which demands creation of a Moslem-run semiautonomous state.

For two years Marcos has been trying to suppress the nearly 20,000 Moslem rebels, but his troops have suffered heavy casualties in the unfamiliar terrain; moreover the fighting has imposed a heavy drain on the national treasury. In recent weeks Marcos has questioned the value of the U.S.-Philippine mutual defense treaty. Some observers believe that he wants the existing treaty strengthened so that it unequivocally commits Washington to aid the Philippines if they are attacked and perhaps even provide some help in suppressing the insurgents.

Australia and New Zealand face neither threats of external attack nor internal insurgency, but both nations are concerned with maintaining stability in the western Pacific. That means preventing any major power—such as China, the Soviet Union or even Japan—from dominating the region; this goal requires an active American involvement. During his talks at the White House, New Zealand's Rowling told Ford that his country "welcomes American interest in the region."

Clear Terms. The form that interest takes will in large part be determined by the outcome of the reassessment of Asian policy now under way in Washington. It will surely reaffirm the credibility of U.S. commitments; a top presidential aide acknowledges, however, that "there can be no ultimate reassurance until we demonstrate by our actions that our words mean what we say."

Yet Asian leaders are now well aware that Congress has the power to oppose any new U.S. military involvement in the Orient. Thus the uncertainties of the congressional response to some future challenge to an American commitment complicated Ford's attempts to sound reassuring. Singapore's Lee, who has called the events in Viet Nam and Cambodia "an unmitigated disaster," sampled sentiment on Capitol Hill and was far from reassured. As a result, in his toast at the formal state dinner given for him at the White House, Lee bluntly urged the President and Congress to "speak in one voice on basic issues of foreign policy, and in clear and unmistakable terms. Then friends and allies will know where they stand, and others will not be able to misunderstand when crossing the line from insurgency to open aggression."



ANGRY KHMER ROUGE SOLDIER ORDERING PHNOM-PENH SHOPKEEPER TO LEAVE CITY

CAMBODIA

Long March from Phnom-Penh

The curtain of silence that has concealed Cambodia from Western eyes ever since the Khmer Rouge capture of Phnom-Penh on April 17 opened briefly last week, revealing a shocking portrait of a nation in torturous upheaval. Eyewitness reports by the few Western journalists who stayed on in the Cambodian capital after the closing down of the American embassy indicated that the country's new Communist masters have proved to be far more ruthless, if not more cruel and sadistic in their exercise of power than most Western experts had expected.

Phnom-Penh has become a ghost city, forcibly and quickly emptied of most of its 2 million inhabitants. Perhaps as many as half of Cambodia's 7.6 million people have become victims of a massive dislocation, a forced march of city dwellers who have been ordered by the Khmer Rouge government to take to the roads and paths and become rice growers in the countryside. Even hospitals have been evacuated, and doctors stopped in mid-surgery, so that the patients, some limping, some crawling, could take their part in the newly proclaimed "peasant revolution."

Naive Glee. Eyewitness accounts contained scenes of savage contrast. Many of the Khmer Rouge soldiers who first entered Phnom-Penh were country boys who joyfully climbed aboard abandoned automobiles and rammed them, more by accident than design, against walls or telegraph poles; with naive glee, they looted stores for wristwatches but threw jewelry away because they had no use for it. Yet their leaders appeared to be tough disciplinarians who were more concerned about ideology than about the plight of the country's war-weary people. There were also reports

of public executions, but these were not confirmed by eyewitnesses.

Cambodia's new leaders were apparently driven by a xenophobic determination to rid the country of foreign influence, not just the taint of "Americans and other imperialist lackeys" but also the influence of even the Chinese and North Vietnamese. Moscow, which had maintained diplomatic relations with the former Lon Nol government almost to the end, was rejected utterly; the second floor of the Soviet embassy was strafed with machine-gunfire, and the seven Russian diplomats there ordered to go to the French embassy compound to be evacuated with the other foreigners. From that precarious vantage point, they saw hundreds of thousands of Cambodians moved out of the capital, as Sydney H. Schanberg of the *New York Times* (see *THE PRESS*) put it, "in stunned silence—walking, bicycling, pushing carts that had run out of fuel, covering the roads like a human carpet."

The enforced mass exodus from the capital was carried out, it seemed, in desperate, mindless haste. The rice harvest will not be in until November. What will the millions of refugees in the countryside eat between now and then? If the new government refuses foreign aid, as it has said it will do, who will provide the seed for next year's crop? "Was this just cold brutality," wrote Schanberg, who stayed behind when Phnom-Penh fell last month, "a cruel and sadistic imposition of the law of the jungle? ... Or is it possible that, seen through the eyes of the peasant soldiers and revolutionaries, the forced evacuation of the cities is a harsh necessity? Or was the policy both cruel and ideological?"

The foreign survivors were obviously

of two minds. One Western doctor suggested that the Communists had evacuated the hospitals because "they could not cope with all the patients—they do not have the doctors—so they apparently decided to throw them all out and blame any deaths on the old regime." Another foreign observer called the exodus "pure and simple genocide. They will kill more people this way than if there had been hand-to-hand fighting in the city."

The early hours of the rebel takeover were a time of wild unreality. Westerners and Cambodian civilians gathered at the Hotel Le Phnom cheered as the first Khmer Rouge soldiers arrived. They were smiling and friendly, and the euphoria lasted for several hours. Only later did foreigners and city dwellers alike realize that these first soldiers were actually members of a 200-man private band led by a daredevil freelance general, Hem Keth Dara, 29, and not really part of the Khmer Rouge at all. They were quickly replaced by tough, disciplined soldiers, heavily laden with arms, who swept through the city with loudspeakers. "Leave your homes immediately!" they ordered. When their instructions were not quickly obeyed, the soldiers sometimes punctuated them with random rifle shots. The frenzied evacuation of the city was soon under way. At the Information Ministry, Schanberg reported, a stern young officer held a formal press conference for Western journalists. Present were some Cambodian prisoners, many of whom had been ranking members of the old regime. Among them was former Premier Long Boret, who had elected to stay behind to help negotiate the surrender. The Khmer Rouge officer insisted that there would be no reprisals, but few of the prisoners appeared to be convinced by his soothing words.

Fallen City. After the surrender of the city, Red Cross authorities had tried to convert the Hotel Le Phnom into a protected international zone. But at 5 p.m. on the day of the takeover, Khmer Rouge troops ordered the hotel evacuated within 30 minutes. Hundreds of foreigners fled to the French embassy compound; most of them remained there for 13 days, while fires and shooting broke out sporadically in the fallen city.

The scene within the compound, where about 1,300 foreigners and Cambodians sought shelter, was one of deprivation, acrimony and tedium. There was no running water, and food was limited. Though the Khmer Rouge guards stole a few watches and other valuables, they generally treated the foreigners correctly if sternly. As the days passed, one baby was born, another died. When the seven Russian diplomats arrived from their abandoned embassy, they were loaded down with huge supplies of tinned meat and vodka. They refused to share the goods with the other inmates, thereby becoming the bitter tar-

gets of Westerners' jokes about revisionist influence.

The most heartbreaking moment, the journalists reported, came when the Khmer Rouge ordered the 500 Cambodians in the group to leave the compound and join the peasant revolution. Wives were separated from husbands, husbands from families. About 150 Montagnards, the mountain tribesmen from Viet Nam, also had to leave. One of them told American Businessman Douglas Sapper that since he had fought with them in Viet Nam, he was their blood brother. A Montagnard officer's wife pressed the American to take her five-day-old baby, asking him to raise it. "They asked me for help I couldn't give," Sapper said last week. "I've never felt so completely powerless. I don't ever in my life want to go through that again."

Terrible Regret. The first group of about 580 foreigners was evacuated two weeks ago, but journalists who left Cambodia at that time agreed to withhold their stories until the second group of 550 arrived safely in Thailand last week. Apparently because they did not want to accept foreign help, the Khmer Rouge refused an offer by France to provide an evacuation plane. They insisted that all the foreigners, including the aged and sick, endure a 250-mile truck ride to the Cambodian border. Instead of using a direct route, the evacuees rode along winding dirt roads that had served as the guerrillas' supply routes during years of fighting. To Correspondent Schanberg, it appeared that "these areas had been developed and organized over a long period and had remained untouched sanctuaries throughout the war." He gained the impression that "the countryside organization was much stronger than anyone on the other side had imagined."

When the first convoy of 25 trucks reached its destination, said Sapper, there was "an indescribable happiness walking across that bridge into Thailand," but also a terrible regret because "I left behind too many people who I know will not come out well." At the moment, indeed, the fate of the Cambodian people that he and other foreigners left behind is an agonizingly unanswerable question. The makeup of the new government is not yet clear, and the danger of factional fighting appears great. A fortnight ago, the Khmer Rouge leadership reportedly held a "national congress" in Phnom-Penh, with Khieu Samphan, the military commander and Deputy Premier, in attendance. Few Khmer Rouge leaders have publicly mentioned Prince Norodom Sihanouk. Though he remains the titular head of the new government, it is hard to imagine the temperamental but



SMILING COMMUNIST TROOPS IN PHNOM-PENH



REFUGEES FOLLOWING ORDERS TO LEAVE CITY



THE WORLD

still popular prince fitting easily into the present company in Phnom-Penh.

Nor does anyone know to what extent the new rulers will carry out vengeful reprisals. The foreign evacuees saw a few bodies on the roads and highways last week, but these could have been "accidental" victims of the forced march to the countryside. What seems certain is that Cambodia's period of zealous self-imposed isolation will continue. Radio Phnom-Penh reported last week that the nation's new leaders were busy campaigning to "clear the country of the filth and garbage left behind by the war of aggression." Though it also spoke of rebuilding the country's industry, the broadcast left little doubt that the gov-

ernment's chief aim would be to restore farm production so that Cambodia might be "completely independent of all foreigners."

Meanwhile, the ousted President of the fallen Cambodian government, Marshal Lon Nol, was quietly adjusting to a new life with his family in a \$103,000 bungalow in suburban Honolulu. At Camp Pendleton, Calif., the man who replaced him briefly as head of state, Saukham Khoy, 60, disclosed that Lon Nol had been paid \$1 million by his own government to leave the country on April 1. "It was a good buy," Saukham Khoy insisted last week. In Hawaii, Lon Nol had no comment.

LAOS

Ripe for the Communists

A cruel trick of geography has wedged Laos, a land of 3 million delicate, gentle and innately pacific people, between powerful and antagonistic neighbors. With the Communist takeover of Cambodia and South Viet Nam, it is probably only a matter of time before Laos becomes the next Indochina state to fall to the Communists. Anticipating this, wealthy Laotians, Chinese and Vietnamese have already begun departing Laos in great numbers; planes are booked solidly, and scores of autos have lined up at the Vientiane ferry, waiting to cross the Mekong River into Thailand.

On the Brink. At week's end a takeover by the Communist-led Pathet Lao seemed even more certain. The year-old coalition government teetered on the brink of collapse as five pro-American Cabinet members resigned their posts, leaving the Cabinet virtually in the hands of the Communists. The immediate reason for the resignations was the mounting pressure against the right from leftist student and labor groups. More basic, however, has been the right's increasing sense of futility as it has witnessed the coalition—which technically was supposed to divide power equally between the two factions—work almost solely to the advantage of the Pathet Lao. Ailing Prince Souvanna Phouma, the 73-year-old neutralist Premier, has consistently pressured the demoralized and leaderless rightists into accepting the demands of the Pathet Lao Cabinet members. Last summer, for example, the rightist-dominated National Assembly was suspended and later formally dissolved because some of its members had called for the withdrawal of North Vietnamese troops from Laos.

Laos' *de facto* legislature has been the Joint National Political Council, headed by the dynamic titular head of the Pathet Lao, "Red Prince" Souphanouvong, 62, who is Souvanna's half brother. Leftists in the Vientiane government have been steadily tightening



SOUPHANOUVONG (LEFT) & SOUVANNA PHOUMA (1974)
A coalition falters as the Communists gain.

their control of key ministries (such as Information and Foreign Affairs) and have triggered disruptive strikes by teachers, police and municipal employees.

Last week terror was added to the growing pressure from the left; an unidentified assailant tossed a hand grenade into a car full of rightist politicians and Chinese businessmen. Among the three killed was former Minister of Religion Boun Om, brother of the warlord of southern Laos, whose name is Boun Oum, and uncle of Sisouk na Champasak, the powerful Minister of Defense, who was among those that resigned. It

was the first assassination of a rightist political figure since the cease-fire, and has unsettled many leading rightists. They now fear for their own and their families' safety; Boun Oum has reportedly gone into hiding somewhere in his fief.

What has certainly also discouraged the right was last week's order by the Premier to the rightist forces not to oppose the Pathet Lao troops. The Communists, however, have been launching attacks that brazenly ignore the February 1973 cease-fire agreement, which was supposed to have ended the fighting between the two opposing forces in the country by recognizing that the Pathet Lao controlled two-thirds of the country's territory and one-third of its people. By comparison with the wars in Cambodia and Viet Nam, Communist offensives in Laos have been rather timid. The recent Pathet Lao violation of the concords—presumably prompted by

the nearby Communist triumphs—involves one battalion consisting of 100 to 300 men accompanied by four armored vehicles, which have been slowly moving down Highway 13 in the direction of Vientiane, overrunning rightist outposts. For the past two years, the Pathet Lao have steadily nibbled at rightist-controlled territory and have moved uncontestedly into broad stretches of no man's land.

Western observers in Vientiane have told TIME's Stephen Heder that the Pathet Lao could achieve a quick military victory if they want it. The 35,000-man Royal Lao Army is thinly spread across the territory it supposedly still controls. Under the terms of the cease-fire, it has lost nearly all its U.S. support: American advisers and warplanes have been withdrawn (the size of the U.S. mission in Vientiane has been reduced by nearly 25% in the past two years), while military aid from Washington has been cut from more than \$350 million in fiscal 1973 to \$30 million this year. On the other hand, the Communists blithely ignore the terms of the cease-fire; an estimated 20,000 North Vietnamese soldiers remain in Laos, and Hanoi continues to supply the 30,000-man Pathet Lao force.

The political crisis triggered by the resignation from the Cabinet can only benefit the Communists. Prince Souvanna considers the coalition important and is eager to see Laos united before he dies. Thus, he will probably move even closer to the Pathet Lao position.

Although a Pathet Lao victory appears inevitable, Laos is not expected to become a radically Communist state. "The Pathet Lao have never been outlaws here," a veteran Western observer

told Heder last week. "For the past two years they have been in close contact with rightist members of the coalition and even with Americans." Nonetheless, Laos' orientation in the future—as in the past—will depend upon its neighbors, and primarily upon Hanoi. The powerful North Vietnamese could easily dominate the tiny kingdom—a development that would surely alarm nervous Thailand. It might even worry the Chinese, who would then be tempted to foster a more independent Laotian government as a check on the growing North Vietnamese influence in Southeast Asia. One thing seems certain: whatever Laos' fate, it will almost certainly not be in the hands of the Laotians.

EUROPE

View from the Balcony

President Ford opened his television press conference last Tuesday by soberly intoning: "The war in Viet Nam is over." In Europe, celebrations marked the ending of another war—V-E day, May 8, 1945. The three decades separating the Allied victory in Europe from the American debacle in South Viet Nam were already being viewed by some as a self-contained chapter of history, the rise and fall of the Western world's reliance upon the *Pax Americana*. One sign of the times was French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's announcement that France's 30th celebration of V-E day would be its last. Rather than sustain the memories of past animosities—and past alliances—Europeans should "open the way to the future and turn our thoughts to that which brings us together."

Although the point was not directly made, Giscard's exhortation to greater European unity at least partly reflected a widespread concern on the Continent about America's continued reliability as an ally. Judging by some recent Western European press coverage, it was not Saigon that fell but Washington. Day after day, headlines bannered, THE AMERICAN RETREAT, THE AMERICAN FAILURE or THE AMERICAN DECLINE. Occasionally, a qualifying question mark was added, as in the headline on the recent cover of West Germany's *Der Spiegel*: NO MORE TRUST IN AMERICA?

Continued Dispute. Almost inevitably, the debacle in Southeast Asia was seen in the context of other recent U.S. foreign policy setbacks: the breakdown of Kissinger's step-by-step Middle East diplomacy, Portugal's slide toward leftist rule and the continued dispute between NATO allies Greece and Turkey over Cyprus. The fear was not that Viet Nam had fatally sapped America's physical strength or irretrievably tarnished its moral authority but that the bitter experience of recent events might somehow have traumatized America's will. A front-page editorial in the Brit-

ish weekly *Manchester Guardian* bluntly put the question that seemed to be on everybody's mind: "Will defeat in Viet Nam tempt the Americans to tackle their own problems and let the rest of the world go hang?"

At least one observer suggested that Europe has given America some cause to do just that. "Europeans are amazing," said French Political Analyst Raymond Aron in a television interview. "In the last few weeks, I have been struck by how we put ourselves in the balcony of history. If a Communist Party seems on the verge of coming to power, we call it an American defeat. If the U.S. intervenes through the CIA, we then denounce American imperialism. If, for example, Portugal goes Communist, it becomes an American defeat rather than a European defeat. Obviously, Portugal is closer to Paris than New York. The consequences of a Communist government [in Lisbon] will be felt more in Madrid and Paris than in New York. But we are acting like voyeurs, counting the blows to see who is winning and losing and never asking ourselves what [our] responsibilities are."

Spartan Regimes. Several observers, including Aron, feel that the general mood of the Continent reflects the bias of many Western European intellectuals against bourgeois society and in favor of the spartan regimes of Eastern Europe and Southeast Asia. In their eyes, the democratic societies of the West, despite their manifest freedoms, are associated with political corruption, economic crises, imported American tastes (by definition bad) and American values (by definition shallow). In contrast, Communist regimes are identified with social justice, economic security, cultural integrity and a bracing measure of discipline.

West German Defense Expert Lothar Ruehl shares Aron's exasperation with Europe's recent political lethargy. He believes that the ending of the Viet

Nam War has at least shocked Europeans out of the comfortable belief that the U.S. will intervene anywhere and at any cost on their behalf. In a clear reference to the American retreat from Saigon, former Italian Premier Amintore Fanfani observed that the current "international situation is a warning to peoples who want to remain free to rely first of all on themselves, and not to tie their salvation exclusively to the help of friends, who are certainly faithful, but not always in a position to help half the world simultaneously."

Despite the talk of greater European self-reliance, there are few indications that the Continent is moving toward the kind of political cohesion that would turn slogan to reality. The Atlantic Alliance is in an embarrassing state of disarray: Britain, The Netherlands, Belgium and Denmark have cut their defense budgets; Greece and Turkey are still at odds over Cyprus; and France's Giscard, his V-E day proclamation notwithstanding, refuses to attend the meeting of NATO heads of state that will convene in Brussels later this month. Almost despite themselves, the Europeans seem to be heading toward Brussels hoping to find warmth and comfort in the glow of a chastened President Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. The summit is being viewed conveniently, but also realistically, as the first sign that the U.S. is not slinking away.

Wholesome Dream. Maurice Couve de Murville, chairman of the French National Assembly's Foreign Affairs Committee, has pointed out at least one possible consolation of the post-Viet Nam period: "It is always good to be dealing with a reality—and Viet Nam was not a reality." To many Europeans, Viet Nam was simply a morbid obsession that kept America from placing its energies where its foreign policy interests really lay—namely, in the wholesome dream of a strong, united Western Europe.

FRENCH DEMONSTRATORS WITH HO CHI MINH POSTER OUTSIDE FUTURE P.R.G. EMBASSY IN PARIS





THE FREIGHTER *NORDWIND* HEADING THROUGH SUEZ CANAL AFTER EIGHT-YEAR ENTRAPMENT

MIDDLE EAST

Maneuvering Toward the Summit

Merchant ships moved through the Suez Canal last week for the first time since the Six-Day War eight years ago. In preparation for the canal's formal reopening on June 5, the West German freighters *Münsterland* and *Nordwind* sailed to Port Said from the Bitter Lakes along with 13 other ships. The rusting carriers had been trapped there since the canal was blocked in 1967. Discerning a parallel between the preparations for the canal reopening and the broader peace negotiations that have made it possible, Egyptian Cartoonist Salah Jahaen in *al Ahram* last week drew President Anwar Sadat piloting a tug named "New Diplomatic Drive" and hauling a ship designated "Arab Policy" out of a diplomatic bitter lake of intransigency.

The good ship "Diplomatic Drive" was certainly busy last week. To emphasize Egypt's peace hopes, Sadat in connection with the canal reopening declared Port Said and the surrounding area a free-trade zone. In preparation for his June 1 summit meeting in Salzburg with President Ford, Sadat was set to embark on a round of conferences in Arab capitals, including the first visit ever by an Egyptian President to Baghdad (see story page 32). In Moscow, meanwhile, the Soviets completed a series of strategy conferences with Arab diplomats from Egypt, Iraq and Syria and with Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat. This week Premier Aleksei Kosygin will pay official visits to Tunisia and Libya.

Common Position. The Soviet-Arab sessions were inconclusive. The Russians were obviously relieved by the failure of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's bilateral shuttle negotiations. As an alternative, the Russians have demanded "an early resumption" of the Geneva Conference, but as of last week it appeared that they were having second thoughts about reconvening the talks without thorough preparation. As one Western diplomat in Moscow put

it, the Soviets were having trouble getting "all their Arabs lined up in a row." Last week *Pravda*, with some irritation, observed that "success at Geneva would be facilitated by a common Arab position on the Palestinian issue."

Moscow fears that a Soviet-sponsored Geneva Conference might be derided as a Soviet failure if it collapsed. Thus the U.S.S.R. is willing to let what it calls "bilateral separate deals," meaning resumption of Egyptian-Israeli talks under U.S. aegis, continue in tandem with Geneva discussions. So far Washington seems uncertain about what will emerge from President Ford's double summit—with Sadat in Salzburg and ten days later in Washington with Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin.

The President at his press conference last week explained only that "we're in the process of reassessing our Middle East policy, and they [Sadat and Rabin] can make a very valuable contribution with their on-the-spot recommendation." One critic in the Israeli government last week suggested that the summits are self-serving. "They are designed to underline the importance of the U.S. as a power in the Middle East," he said. "The region is becoming the testing ground for American credibility after Viet Nam." Probably the most that can be hoped for, however, is that they will provide a flexible atmosphere in which shuttle talks can be resumed in another form.

Kissinger still blames the Israelis for the failure of his last round of shuttle diplomacy. In secret testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and, obliquely, in an interview last week with *NBC Today* show hostess Barbara Walters, the Secretary accused Jerusalem of shortsightedness in not accepting the American diplomatic process. He has also chided Israeli government officials for having misled him, *TIME* Correspondent Marlin Levin reported last week from Jerusalem. In recent contacts

with Israeli diplomats Kissinger has complained: "The minutes of our meetings show that the President and I told you 24 times that the Egyptians would not agree to nonbelligerency. You still invited me to the Middle East, and I had a right to assume that there was a change in the Israeli attitude." In answer, Israeli officials insist that Kissinger was explicitly told how far the Jerusalem government would go in exchanging territory in the Sinai for Egyptian tokens of nonbelligerency. Israel was further annoyed by Washington's decision to provide Hawk surface-to-air missiles to Jordan, a move they saw as retaliation against Israel whose own request for U.S. missiles and other sophisticated equipment is being held up by the Ford reassessment.

Recently Kissinger has put some of the blame for the confusion on the U.S. embassy in Tel Aviv and its intelligence gathering under the late Ambassador Kenneth Keating (see MILESTONES). To replace Keating, who was a political appointee in one of the most sensitive U.S. ambassadorial posts, Kissinger last week chose Malcolm Toon, 58, a tough career diplomat who has served in Moscow, Belgrade and Prague.

Off Balance. Israeli spokesmen described the present state of Jerusalem-Washington relations as "a chill between friends." But Israel has clearly been caught off balance by Kissinger's charges of inflexibility, by Ford's unilateral announcement of the summits (Premier Rabin was not consulted about the meeting with Sadat) and by shrewd Arab efforts to sway U.S. public opinion. In the latest such move, Jordan's King Hussein, accepting an honorary degree from The Citadel last week, outlined Arab willingness to accept Israel. Speaking for Egypt and Syria as well as his own country, the King said that the three "confrontation powers" were "ready, even eager, to make peace. We accept the conditions for peace that have been laid down—recognition of Israel, nonbelligerency, Israel's right to exist within recognized borders, and our willingness to make and support a final peace. All of these we accept on condition that Israel withdraw from all Arab territory and recognize the legitimate rights of the Palestinians in their homeland. It is as simple as that."

Unfortunately, the situation is not that simple. Last week Palestinian guerrillas operating in the heavily guarded West Bank aimed a rocket in the direction of Israel's Knesset. The rocket missed its mark, but another homemade fedayeen bomb, planted in a Jerusalem apartment house, killed one man and wounded three others. The attacks undoubtedly reinforced Israeli feelings that the West Bank cannot be returned to Arab sovereignty without prior guarantees of peace. "Imagine how much terrorism there would be if we were not in control," said an Israeli official angrily.

BRITAIN

A Rake's Painful Progress

It was the first time in his twelve years as Labor Party leader that British Prime Minister Harold Wilson delivered a speech to the party faithful without receiving a standing ovation. The inauspicious occasion was a recent one-day special conference of the Labor Party; the divisive issue was how Labor should vote in the June 5 referendum on Britain's continued participation in the European Common Market. Unimpressed by Wilson's tepid pro-Market address, the 962 delegates (representing some 6 million members of the labor movement) responded by voting almost 2 to 1 for British withdrawal from the EEC.

The conference's rebuff to Wilson was unprecedented but hardly unexpected. During the past month, virtually every institutional body of the labor movement has firmly opposed Wilson on this issue. The powerful Trades Union Congress, the party's National Executive Committee, 145 of Labor's 318 M.P.s and almost a third of the Labor Cabinet have publicly broken ranks with their leader. The split over the EEC coincides with an increasingly bitter party battle over economic policy, and Wilson, a man who has traditionally placed party unity above all, is now presiding over what may prove to be the worst Labor crisis since World War II. Some pro-EEC Labor ministers, notably Home Secretary Roy Jenkins and Consumer Affairs Minister Shirley Wilson, have threatened to resign if the vote should go against the Common Market.

Every Mailbox. The anti-Market-teers argue that EEC membership will lead to more unemployment, higher food prices and less sovereignty for Britain. Pro-Market-teers maintain that membership will reduce unemployment, lower food prices and bolster Britain's world

influence. The official referendum campaign pamphlets—which are being delivered at government expense to every mailbox in the land this week—do little to clarify matters. With more drama than cogency, the *Why You Should Vote Yes* pamphlet argues that "outside [the EEC] we should be alone in a harsh, cold world with none of our friends offering to revive old partnerships."

The pro-Market appeal seems like hardheaded analysis, however, compared with the unabashed Little England jingoism of the *Why You Should Vote No* brief: "The real aim of the Market is, of course, to become one single country in which Britain would be reduced to a mere province... This may be acceptable to some Continental countries. In recent times, they have been ruled by dictators, or defeated or occupied. They are more used to abandoning their political institutions than we are."

The campaign to present the EEC as a threat to British sovereignty is being spearheaded by left-wing labor leaders and their staunchest supporters within Wilson's Cabinet, Employment Minister Michael Foot, Trade Minister Peter Shore and Industry Minister Anthony Wedgwood Benn. Some political observers argue that Wilson's left-wing opponents are using the Common Market referendum to challenge his control of the Labor Party for reasons only tangentially connected to the EEC. The politically ambitious Benn, whose campaign to advance public ownership of British industry has made him anathema to the party's right wing, seems particularly intent on driving a wedge between the Prime Minister and Britain's restive labor unions.

For most of his twelve-year steward-

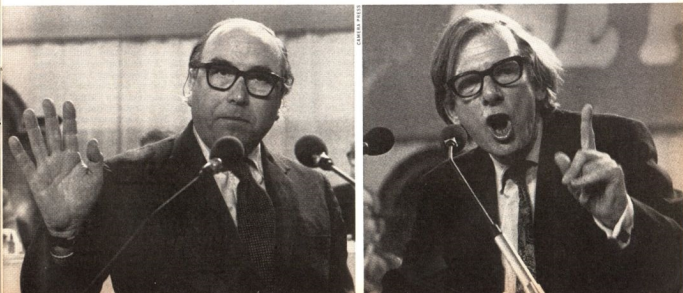
ship of Labor, Wilson has tried to straddle the ideological divide within the party and has particularly tried to avoid any kind of confrontation with the trade unions. In recent weeks, however, Britain's grim, almost apocalyptic economic situation (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*) has forced him to risk their disfavor. When Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey presented his tightfisted budget in the Commons last month, he candidly blamed Britain's briskly accelerating 25% inflation on union wage-increase settlements, which are now averaging 30% annually.

Knee-Jerk Cycle. "A rake's progress of this nature could not continue for long," warned Healey in spelling out the details of an austerity program that placed stiff taxes on items ranging from cigarettes to sewing machines. "If people insist on paying themselves more than they're earning, somehow or other the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whoever he is, has got to take it away again or the whole thing will blow up." Although he stopped short of advocating statutory wage controls, Healey further outraged the unions by offering a budget that will in effect allow unemployment to rise from its current level of 4% to nearly 8% by 1977.

Picking up the Healey gauntlet, several union leaders responded by asking for even higher wage settlements, the most astronomical being the National Union of Seamen's demand for an 81% increase. The knee-jerk cycle continued last week as an incensed Healey threatened to levy still more taxes—a move that provoked left-wing Labor M.P. Norman Atkinson to call publicly for new party leadership.

Thus Wilson faced the greatest crisis in his career as he returned from meetings with President Ford in Washington last week. Some British commentators have already begun composing his political obituary. Wrote London *Sunday Times* Columnist Ronald Butt: "Mr.

LABOR CABINET MINISTERS ROY JENKINS (LEFT) & PETER SHORE (RIGHT) SPEAK OUT AT SPECIAL PARTY CONFERENCE ON EEC



THE WORLD

Wilson has lost his *raison d'être* as leader. The qualification that justified his other shortcomings was his success at being all things to all men. He has now lost that knack."

The Houdini of British politics has been cornered before, however, and may yet find a way out of his latest troubles. According to the most recent Gallup poll, British pro-Market sentiment is still strong: 60% plan to vote yes on the referendum, 29% no, and 11% are undecided. Moreover, most Tories will join the Prime Minister in plumping for a vote to stay within the EEC. A referendum victory would strengthen Wilson's hand to the point that most of his Labor adversaries would be forced to close ranks behind him again, if only begrudgingly. But the gravity of Britain's economic crisis demands political courage as well as political expediency. If the divided Labor Party remains too paralyzed to provide strong leadership, the faint-hearted cry for a coalition government that was being raised at week's end by top Tories and the press may become an irresistible clamor.

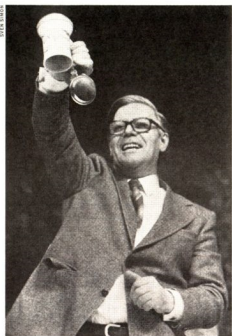
WEST GERMANY

A Vote for the Upswing

For weeks party leaders in West Germany's ruling coalition had campaigned in the North Rhine-Westphalia state elections as if their claim to national power depended on it. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Democrats had slipped badly in seven previous state elections during the past year, and there were fears that the *Tendenzwende* (change in the trend) could snowball into a crushing defeat in next year's national elections.

Last week the Social Democrats and their coalition partner, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher's Free Democrats, turned the *Tendenzwende* around. In North Rhine-Westphalia, West Germany's largest state (pop. 17 million) and industrial heartland, the Social Democrats and Free Democrats preserved their 105-to-95 seat edge over the opposition Christian Democratic Union. The same day, in elections in the Saarland, where Christian Democrats have ruled since 1947, the voters turned the C.D.U.'s 27-to-23 majority into a 25-to-25 deadlock. At week's end it was still unclear which party would be able to form a state government, but as a result of the election, the Christian Democratic majority of one in Bonn's Bundesrat will probably be wiped out.

The two state elections were the last major tests of public opinion before the 1976 elections. Both contests were fought almost exclusively on country-wide issues: the economy, recession and inflation, unemployment, internal security against anarchist terrorists and the question of the growing left-wing influence within the S.D.P. The Chancellor's



SCHMIDT AT NORTH RHINE-WESTPHALIA RALLY
Turning the *Tendenzwende* around.

firm stand against the demands of terrorists who seized the West German embassy in Stockholm late last month took much of the steam out of the opposition's charges of "impotence" and "leniency." In addition, Schmidt's government released figures from the country's economic research institutes predicting a "limited but stable upswing in the second half of the year." The projections showed an inflation rate of 5% or less (down from the present 5.9%), unemployment at 4% (currently 4.7%) and economic growth of perhaps 1% (.6% last year). All of which helped to justify the government claims that West Germany's current management deserved confidence.

Even opposition critics find it hard to fault Schmidt's handling of the economy. Since taking over from Willy Brandt last May, Schmidt, 56, has whipped the Cabinet into shape, told off his party's left-wingers, and zipped through the Bundestag a tax-reform program that had been stalled for years.

Big ifs. In mid-1974, when the economy seemed headed for a real slump, Schmidt and Finance Minister Hans Apel took the brakes off credit and then at the end of the year shifted into a full reflation program. If their projected *Aufschwung* (upswing) does come this fall—and especially if now returning consumer confidence puts some of the nation's huge personal savings back into circulation—the revival of the giant West German economy will give all Western Europe a big boost toward recovery.

All these are big ifs. Although Schmidt has emerged as a European

leader with clout—some European papers even refer to him as "Super-Schmidt"—the Chancellor has not resolved all his problems. The major ones: 1) Europe's recession has put 1 million West Germans out of work; 2) the government's domestic reforms, particularly of taxes, have failed to alleviate the burden of low- and middle-income workers; and 3) the noisy left wing of the S.D.P. scares away middle-class voters with talk of nationalization, directed investment and an end to NATO.

The Christian Democrats have yet to convert the S.D.P.'s problems to their own profit. Under the lackluster leadership of Helmut Kohl, the C.D.U. has produced no clear platform, economic proposals or solutions of its own. Moreover, Kohl's chief rival for party leadership, the demagogic Bavarian conservative Franz-Josef Strauss, frightens most West Germans even more than the left-wing *Jusos* of the S.D.P.

Buoied by the state election results (and by a new poll that showed his popularity at 68%, up from 47% when he took office a year ago), Schmidt promptly declared that his legislative program had "won scope for action." He announced his intention to push several controversial bills through the Bundestag—notably reforms in vocational education and a measure that would give workers an equal say with shareholders on the boards of major companies.

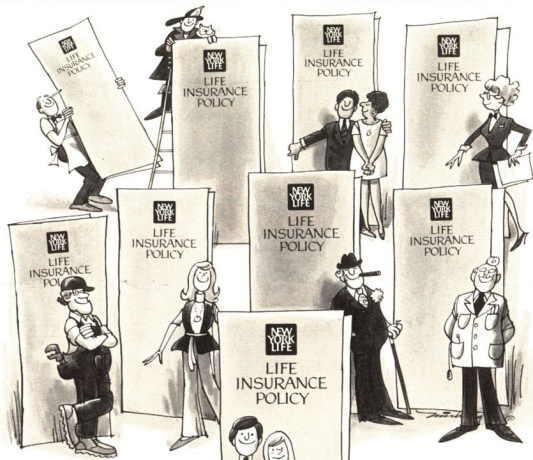
IRAQ

An End to Isolation

In the Middle East, no nation has been more isolated and more hostile in recent years—even to some of its Arab neighbors—than Iraq. But along with other hopeful signs in the area, the Iraqis have begun to show some indication of mellowing. A small but significant sign of this is the stepped-up travel of the country's stern, determined political leader, Saddam Hussein Takriti, 38, who in Baghdad is known simply as "the Deputy." That is an understated reference to his position as strongman of the far-leftist Baath (Renaissance) Party, which has ruled Iraq since its successful 1968 coup against the former governing military clique. A handsome, dark-haired onetime lawyer, Saddam Hussein is officially deputy chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council, under Field Marshal Ahmed Hassan Bakr, chairman of the council and Iraq's President.

The moves of Iraq's strongman are

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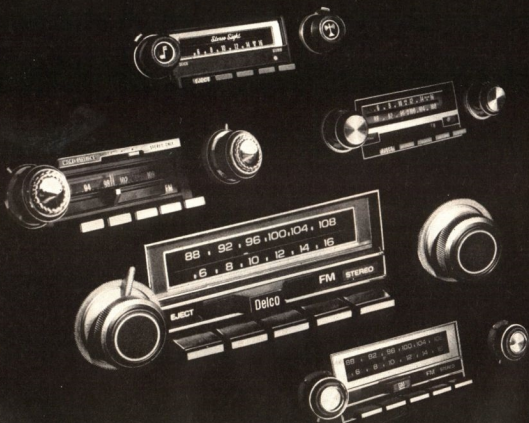
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THE WORLD

widely regarded as a kind of bellwether of his government's intentions. Lately, Saddam Hussein has begun to travel more and more outside his country. Two months ago during a dramatic summit of oil producers in Algiers, he and Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi embraced and agreed to end a long-running feud between their neighboring nations. Two weeks ago, Saddam Hussein was given a warm welcome by the Shah in Tehran, where until recently Iranian commentators had often referred to him as "the Baathist butcher." Last week he flew on to Bulgaria and Hungary for political and economic talks.

That is quite a change for a Baathist leader. Since taking power in Baghdad, the secretive, bellicose rulers of Iraq had turned the country into something of a frightening enigma, even to other Arab nations. In the early years of Baath rule, spies and "enemies of the regime," including members of Iraq's persecuted and dwindling Jewish population, were executed and their bodies hung in Baghdad's Tahrir Square. Revolts within the party were put down in the same uncompromising style.

Magic Power. In their foreign policy, the Iraqi Baathists spearheaded the Arab "rejection front" against Israel, refusing to accept even United Nations' peace resolutions on the Middle East, much less the Jewish state's right to exist. Iraq consistently championed extremists within the Palestine Liberation Organization and also threatened Kuwait, claiming at one point that the tiny nearby sheikdom was historically part of Iraq. Armed by the Soviets, Baghdad's rulers quarreled with Iran not only over borders, but also over the minority of 2 million non-Arab Iraqi Kurds. When Tehran backed the Kurds' demands for autonomy by giving them supplies and artillery support, the two nations almost went to war.

But then Iraq discovered the magic power of petroleum. Beginning three years ago, Iraq nationalized most of the oilfields that had previously been operated by European and American companies. The government thus took control of huge oil reserves (an estimated 100 billion barrels) that may be second in size only to those of Saudi Arabia.

Even though production was at one point last year cut to maintain prices, Iraq currently has oil revenues of \$6 billion per year. Says Planning Ministry Director General Sabah Kachachi: "We have no intention of putting our money in banks or buying stocks and bonds or investing in real estate in South Carolina or on the Champs Elysées." Virtually all the money is being spent on rapid industrial development of what has been up to now a relatively backward agricultural nation of 11 million people.

To help accomplish that development, the Iraqi government has pragmatically softened some of its old intransigent attitudes. As part of

Baghdad's improved relations with Iran, Saddam Hussein and the Shah have begun discussions on security in the Persian Gulf, a subject important to both nations. "We stand for declaring the Gulf and the Indian Ocean as a peace zone, cleared of all military bases of foreign countries, whatever their color and their size," Saddam Hussein told TIME Beirut Bureau Chief Karsten Prager. Iraq now wants to negotiate border issues with Kuwait as well, and has made friendly overtures toward Jordan's King Hussein and Saudi Arabia's new King Khalid. Most dramatically, the Soviet Union, Baghdad's principal trading partner, as well as its military supplier, suddenly faces rapidly growing competition from abroad.

The U.S. is still regarded by Baghdad as an "unfriendly" nation (diplomatic relations were severed in 1967 because of Washington's support for Israel). Nevertheless, a three-man U.S. mission is operating in Baghdad, and in little more than one year, trade between the two countries has quintupled to \$300 million per year. Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman David Rockefeller, the epitome of the Western capitalism that the Baathists oppose, recently visited Baghdad and was hospitably received. Britain, France, Japan and other Western nations are also challenging the Soviet trade lead.

"The subtle political easing off and the impressive economic push are readily reflected in everyday life in Baghdad," reports Prager, who often visits the Iraqi capital. "Shoppers bustle along colonnaded Rashid Street passing stores that though still short of many items, carry more goods than they have in some time as the result of the cancellation of an earlier austerity program. In the evenings, Sa'adoun Street is packed with strollers and coffeehouses are filled with the click of dominoes. Open-air restaurants by the click of Tigris do a booming business with delectable *masgouf*, a Baghdad specialty of river fish cooked slowly on stakes set up around blazing wood fires."

Implacable Enemies. Iraq's economic and political moves, however, must not be overestimated. At home, Baath Party discipline is still deadly tight, and most Iraqis are convinced that they are being watched by the Party Militia, which calls itself "the eyes of the revolution." Despite Saddam's travels abroad, the regime's leaders are still rarely seen in public. Even the total membership of their party is unknown, although it is estimated to include 20,000 hard-core members and about 70,000 active supporters.

Abroad too there has been only partial relaxation. If Baghdad and Wash-



SADDAM HUSSEIN VISITING THE SHAH



IRAQI LABORERS ON SOVIET-SPONSORED CANAL PROJECT
New competition from capitalism.

ington manage to improve relations, Iraq would still be left with two implacable enemies, Israel and neighboring Syria. Syria also has a strong Baath Party, which espouses the same principles of Arab socialism and nationalism that Baghdad does. But the two regimes have conflicting visions of Arab unity, compounded by some practical problems. Currently, Iraq's relations with Syria are at the breaking point over disposition of water from the Euphrates River. Baghdad charges that Damascus has deliberately stored up so much water behind its new Tabqa Dam that Iraqi crops have been ruined and that 3 million Iraqis who depend on the river are short of drinking water. Saudi Petroleum Minister Sheikh Zaki Yamani, whose negotiating skills have been honed at endless meetings of Middle East oil moguls, has been mediating between them. The split is so deep that even Yamani has had no success so far in bringing the revolutionary Arab neighbors together.



PHOTOGRAPHER FORD READIES HER CAMERA & FINDS FATHER A WILLING SUBJECT

While President Ford fielded questions at his White House press conference, at least one photographer focused on him with special care. With three cameras slung over her jacket, Susan Ford, 17, wedged herself into the press ranks and began clicking away under the tutorial eye of presidential Photographer David Kennerly. Susan may be learning her craft more quickly than anyone realizes. As reporters clustered around the President at the close of his remarks, one onlooker jokingly suggested that Ford economize by firing Kennerly and hiring Susan. "That wouldn't save much," she shot back between pictures. "I don't care cheap." Her reputation thus defended, she boarded the presidential yacht *Sequoia* the following night to photograph the first floating Cabinet meeting on record.

"That was longer than *Gone With the Wind*," remarked Actress Joanne Woodward following a film tribute to her



and Husband Paul Newman in Manhattan last week. The program, which featured clips from 27 movies by Woodward and Newman, attracted Actresses Shelley Winters and Myrna Loy, Director Otto Preminger and some 2,800 well-heeled fans who contributed up to \$250 apiece for seats at the Film Society of Lincoln Center benefit. "It's really a celebration of celluloid," quipped Newman, who sported a beard he had grown for his title role in Robert Altman's upcoming film, *Buffalo Bill*. Plainly relieved that his marathon round of interviews was coming to an end, Newman told his audience that he had come home one evening and complained, "I'm so sick of hearing my own voice." To which Wife Joanne had quickly replied, "Why were you listening?"

"Lyndon Johnson used to tell me I wasn't made of steel, but I didn't believe him," recalled Arkansas Representative Wilbur Mills, returning to work after five months' treatment for alcoholism. Though his drinking problem cost him his 16-year chairmanship of the mighty House Ways and Means Committee, Mills showed more remorse than rancor as he settled back into his job. Alcoholism, he said, "affected my ability to reason, to concentrate. There were times when I just couldn't think and many times when I couldn't remember. Looking back on the problems with the [1974] health bill, I can see now that I just didn't have it in me then to deal with it properly."

The latest Kissinger story making the rounds in Washington: with 400 capital notables on hand for his son's bar mitzvah, Israeli Ambassador Simcha Dinitz was pleased. While some guests congratulated Son Michael, 13, at the party at the ambassador's residence, others surrounded the Secretary of State. "Did you have a bar mitzvah of your own?" Kissinger was asked. "Yes, I studied hard for it," he replied. "Was it similar?" the guests pursued. "No, it was different," answered Kissinger. "For one thing, the German Foreign Minister didn't come to my bar mitzvah."

"They always think I should be up for an Academy Award," says Cinematographer Raquel Welch, 34, of her two children, Tahnee, 12, and Damon, 14. Visiting New York City over Mother's Day to promote her newest film, *Wild Party*, Raquel disclosed that Daughter Tahnee had already received a few film offers of her own, all of which Raquel has turned down. "I've tried to protect them from becoming celebrities. That should be their choice," says she. "They are the biggest things in my life."

JOANNE & PAUL SHARE A TOAST



RAQUEL WELCH & DAUGHTER TAHNEE AT HOME IN THEIR BEVERLY HILLS BACKYARD



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Crisis in California

Mount Zion is one of San Francisco's largest hospitals and normally schedules from 40 to 60 operations a day. Last week, on its busiest day, only eleven were scheduled. Operating rooms at 45 other institutions in the San Francisco Bay Area were also unusually quiet—and with good reason. Having declined to pay what they considered prohibitively high premiums for malpractice insurance, 307 northern California anesthesiologists had refused either to renew their insurance policies or practice without coverage and had walked off their jobs.

The California walkout was the most drastic response yet to the steep rise in premiums set by one of the nation's leading malpractice insurers, Argonaut Insurance Co. of Menlo Park, Calif. (TIME, May 5). Claiming that soaring malpractice awards were causing it to lose money, Argonaut last January announced that beginning in May it would raise its premiums for Bay Area physicians by 200% to 300%. Most physicians reluctantly purchased at least temporary—and limited—coverage, but few of the area's anesthesiologists, whose premiums rose from \$5,377 to as high as \$22,704 per year, renewed their policies; the rest refused to perform non-essential work.

The majority of the 46 hospitals affected by the walkout have not scheduled any nonemergency surgery since May 1. As a result, St. Luke's was operating at only 44% of capacity last week; St. Francis Memorial reported that 118 of its 297 beds were empty. The lack of patients hit the hospitals right in their pocketbooks. Mount Zion Hospital and Medical Center laid off 20% of its staff. St. Luke's let 33% go. Union officials estimated that half of San Francisco's 9,000 hospital workers would be off their jobs by week's end.

Higher Costs. Joseph Zem, director of St. Luke's, believes that the hospitals are headed for disaster if the strike continues, ordinarily they derive as much as half their revenues from nonemergency surgical admissions. Patients, too, are likely to be hurt by the current crisis. Hundreds have been inconvenienced. Some of those who can obtain care are finding that it costs more. Doctors are passing the increased malpractice costs along to their patients.

Neither local politicians nor the anesthesiologists—who last week marched on the state capitol in Sacramento to demand legislative action—see any speedy end to the stalemate. In fact, the crisis in California worsened last week. Supporting the San Francisco protest, anesthesiologists in the Los Angeles area took a day off, leaving most operating rooms in 275 hospitals virtually empty.



PAMELA & MARK LEVY WITH A COUPLE OF QUINTS; MUROOKA WITH SLEEPING BABIES

Fertility Drugs: A Mixed Blessing

"They just kept coming. We weren't expecting anything like this."

Mark Levy, 27, of Fairfield, Ohio, had good reason to be surprised and excited last month. His wife Pamela, 28 and previously childless, had just given birth to quintuplets—a phenomenon that until recently happened only once in every 41 million births. But quintuple deliveries and other multiple births have become more commonplace lately; Pamela, like thousands of other women, had been taking a fertility drug called Pergonal. Doctors estimate that women who become pregnant after treatment with Pergonal are many times more likely, and women who take another fertility drug called Clomid slightly more likely, than other women to have more than one baby.

The Levy quints are doing well, and their parents seem to be adjusting to the startling increase in the size of their family. But many of the multiple births that result from the use of fertility drugs turn out to be mixed blessings at best. The infants are usually born prematurely, and because of overcrowding within the womb are likely to suffer even more problems than most "preemies." The prospect of multiple births also puts a strain on pregnant women. They are usually dismayed when they first hear the news. In fact, many families feel that they are simply unprepared—physically, financially and emotionally—to cope

with more than one new baby at a time. Most women nonetheless profess to be delighted after they find themselves the mothers of twins, triplets or even quints.

Multiple births are not the only problems that go with fertility drugs. Though many, perhaps even the majority of women who take fertility drugs experience no ill effects, a number develop potentially serious illnesses. Researchers found that women who took Clomid occasionally developed ovarian cysts, which, without skillful treatment, can rupture and cause internal hemorrhaging and death. The incidence of cysts is higher with Pergonal.

Casual Use. Most fertility experts insist that the drugs are indeed safe—if they are used with care and discretion. Unfortunately, says Manhattan Gynecologist Edward Stim, who rarely prescribes the drugs, they are sometimes given on a casual, "Why not give it a try?" basis. Clomid, a synthetic hormone-like drug, seems to work by stimulating the pituitary gland to release hormones that help to ripen the ovum. Pergonal, a hormonal extract from the urine of postmenopausal women, primes the ovaries so that another hormone—human chorionic gonadotropin or HCG—can ensure the release of the ovum. Neither treatment should be used unless doctors have first determined that a woman's inability to have a baby is caused by a failure to ovulate, which accounts for only 5% to 10% of all cases of infertility.* The experts urge

*More common causes: male sterility and infections that scar the lining of the uterus and fallopian tubes.

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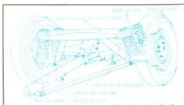
But hauling and handling aren't the only virtues of a Peugeot wagon. It's also built to hold up.

We make sure of that by making most of our own parts. And by inspecting every single part at least once, whether we made it or not.

In all, it takes 46,000 quality checks to make a Peugeot. And every Peugeot we make is test-driven over a special track.

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MEDICINE

that patients be monitored carefully to prevent the development of cysts.

Some doctors feel that women faced with giving birth to litters should consider having abortions. "If there are more than three fetuses, it's a disaster," says one fertility expert. But Dr. Robert Kistner of Harvard Medical School, a pioneer in Clomid treatment, feels that multiple pregnancies can and should be prevented before they start. Kistner treats women who do not respond to Clomid alone by priming them first with small doses of Clomid and Pergonal, then checking their estrogen (female hormone) levels to estimate how many eggs they are about to release.

If his test indicates that the patient will yield only one or two, he administers HCG to trigger release. If the test suggests the ripening of more than two eggs, he withholds the drug; the small doses of Clomid and Pergonal alone are insufficient to produce ovulation. Kistner's system appears to be effective. Of 80 patients treated with Clomid and Pergonal in sequence, most of those with simple ovulation problems became pregnant and had babies. Only one woman had more than one baby, and she had only twins.

Whether produced with the help of fertility drugs or naturally, premature babies always suffer from being expelled from the womb before they are ready. Figuring that preemies miss the security of the womb, Dr. Louis Gluck of San Diego's University Hospital has designed a tiny, heated water bed to simulate the warmth and buoyant pulsations of the baby's uterine environment. He also attached a tiny motor that provides motion similar to what the fetus experienced when the mother's heart beat and as she walked about. The preemie's sense of security is further heightened by the recorded sound of a pregnant mother's heartbeat piped into the artificial womb. Gluck hopes that his invention, which has been tested on only half a dozen babies so far, will help lower the high mortality rate of premature infants.

Normal newborn infants need reassurance too. Reasoning that newborn babies cry, at least in part, because they miss the sound of their mother's heartbeat, Dr. Hajime Murooka of Tokyo's Nippon Medical College inserted a minuscule microphone into the wombs of three expectant mothers and taped their heartbeats. When the taped heartbeat was played back to 300 crying babies (20 of them preemies), 85% either went to sleep at once or stopped crying in a minute. The word spread quickly throughout Japan, and heartbeat cassettes and records are selling at a brisk rate. But Murooka warns that the records should be played for only the first two weeks of the infant's life; otherwise, the baby will sleep most of the time and lack the stimulation necessary for normal development.

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COVER STORY

BARYSHNIKOV: GOTTA DANCE

He is short, with rounded muscles and the pale face of a man made up permanently as Petrouchka. Yet when he launches his perfectly arched body into the arc of one of his improbably sustained leaps—high, light, the leg beats blurring precision—he transcends the limits of physique and, it sometimes seems, those of gravity itself. If one goes by the gasps in the theater or the ecstasies of the critics, such moments turn Mikhail Baryshnikov, if not into a minor god, then into a major sorcerer.

The paradox of the man turns out to be as fascinating to dance fans as the miracle of the artist in flight. Offstage he broods aloud about the "moral preparation" and asceticism that he insists are to the dancer as physical training—while avidly sipping a Scotch and soda and smoking cigarettes. He thinks of himself as a loner, "a wolf lost from the pack," but he is perhaps another kind of wolf as well. He has conducted affairs with several women—among them, dancers he has worked with—since arriving in the West last summer. He ended one of them with what friends regard as chilly abruptness.

The man who has said, "I am drawn to sad ballets, sad feelings," can be the life of the party when the spirit moves him. He is an accomplished mimic with enough cheek to throw his imitations directly in the face of his target. He is also a man who usually does not have to be begged to sit down at the piano and play for a convivial group. Once, at a bash for the American Ballet Theater in Texas, he and several other male dancers skinny-dipped in the pool. When he saw a woman soloist at the other end, he led a group of playful men in taking off her bathing suit.

Paradoxical? "Misha" is more than that. He is an enigma compounded of moody shyness, bold theatricality, post-adolescent intellectual pretense and a sweetness that makes him melt at the sight of an appealing house pet. But that is how it should be for the newest, brightest star in an art that is itself a series of paradoxes. What other discipline demands of its practitioners that they train like athletes and sweat like stevedores in order to achieve romantic effects of the most ethereal nature? What other art places such emphasis on tradition, yet depends on such unreliable resources—the kinesthetic memories of its artists, the visual recollections of its devotees—*to preserve that tradition?* What other art has stressed so emphatically the feminine graces, while making most of its durable legends out of men?

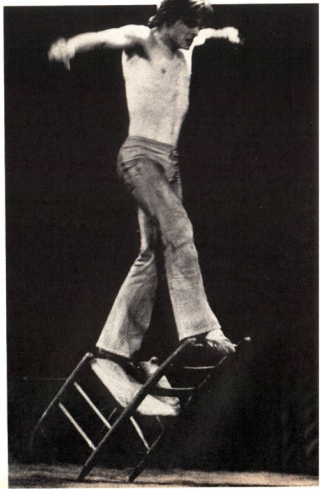
There have been a handful of such dancers in this century. In his brief time (1908-17), Vaslav Nijinsky's wild genius established itself as the mythic standard against which all *premier danseurs* will apparently always be judged. In the '50s and early '60s, Erik Bruhn, 46, now resident producer of the National Ballet of Canada, dominated ballet with sheer elegance. His style was pure and restrained, his partnering impeccable. If anything his reputation has increased since his retirement. He has an enormous following and will dance again this summer at A.B.T. When Rudolf Nureyev burst upon the West in 1961, he brought back some of the Nijinsky excitement. Nureyev has always had Tartar energy and impact; now 37, he has become a dancer of protean range.

As audiences at A.B.T.'s spring season in Washington, D.C. can see this week, Baryshnikov at 27 ranks with these dancers. It is less than a year since he broke away from a Soviet touring company in Toronto, but the public has already made him a superstar and calls him by his nickname. To discourage long lines last winter, a ticket outlet in Manhattan put up a sign saying "Misha tickets all sold out."

Baryshnikov (pronounced Ba-rish-ni-koff) is a one-man the-

atrical event that nearly defies summary. He is an unbelievable technician with invisible technique. Most dancers, even the great ones, make obvious preliminaries to leaps. He simply floats into confounding feats of acrobatics and then comes to still, collected repose. He forces the eye into a double take: did that man actually do that just now? Dance Critic Walter Terry says that "Baryshnikov is probably the most dazzling virtuoso we have seen. He is more spectacular in sheer technique than any other male dancer. What he actually does, no one can really define. His steps are in no ballet dictionary. And he seems to be able to stop in mid-air and sit in space." Patricia Wilde, who teaches in the A.B.T. school, has seen him "put a whole lot of steps together and do them in the air in perfect classical form. Most dancers do this on the ground, but not in the air."

Baryshnikov is a fine actor as well. He takes open, youthful joy in being onstage, while respecting what he calls "the sensitive weave" of the work's overall design. His Albrecht in *Giselle*, for example, is a coltish kid in love with the idea of love, touchingly unable to comprehend that, as a nobleman, he just cannot have this terrific peasant girl. He excels at shrewd, straightforward comedy. In Frederick Ashton's *Les Patineurs*, the dancers appear to be on ice skates.



DANCE

Misha seems about to fall over backward at times—a mime performance that Marcel Marceau might envy. Perhaps his greatest tour de force so far is Roland Petit's *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*. The ballet is a cartoon of existential angst, but, leaping over bed, chair and table, Baryshnikov turns it into a young man's rage at mortality.

In all his roles, Baryshnikov fairly radiates daring. It has been suggested that he must believe in Laurence Olivier's dictum that nothing is really interesting onstage unless the performer is risking sudden death. It is a notion that amuses him: "It is not so important that the actor or dancer feel he is risking death as it is that the audience should feel he is." Much more important to Baryshnikov is the insistence that "the essence of all art is to have pleasure in giving pleasure." In that sentence, one feels, he comes closer to the heart of his appeal than any observer can. Audiences love a man taking not just enormous joy



in his work, but still greater satisfaction in the knowledge that he may very well be the best of the best.

Baryshnikov's life echoes Gene Kelly's refrain, "Gotta Dance." It does not require much stimulation to get Misha's blood stirring. If anything, he has an excess of high-voltage energy. It has been there as long as he can remember. Both he and his mother, a dress fitter in Riga, Latvia, recognized it when he was a child, and they spent a great deal of time trying to channel it. "I was interested in everything," he says, "football, fencing, gymnastics. I even sang in the children's choir. I was also very bad at the piano." All that, in his view, "was better than sitting home and studying"—the problem being more the sitting than the studying. About the only thing he could sit still for was the stage. "Any performance excited me," he recalls. This interest prompted him to apply at the ballet school in Riga, principally "because I had to try something."

The school was attached to a conservatory, and the musical atmosphere was different from anything that Misha had ever



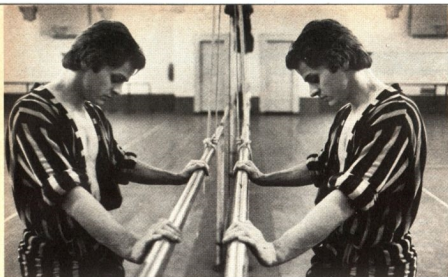
known. "By the end of the year, it was difficult to tear me away. All my other activities became secondary, then disappeared. I would leave for school in the morning and not return until night."

At twelve, he was old to begin serious dance studies, perhaps, but talent overcame that handicap. By the time he was 16, he was invited to join a dance troupe touring and performing for teen-agers. They went to Leningrad, where he found the atmosphere of the old czarist capital intoxicating. As a dancer, he could not help visiting the Kirov school. There he happened to attend a class taught by the late Alexander Ivanovich Pushkin, a great master who coached Nureyev and Valery Panov. Not hopping for much, Baryshnikov approached Pushkin (no kin to the famed Russian poet) and said, "I would very much like to be your pupil." Pushkin felt his legs and body and asked him to jump up and down. Says Baryshnikov, "I was like a young goat knocking over tables and chairs." Pushkin quickly conducted him downstairs, where the school's doctors "felt me the way they would a race horse." Apparently they approved of his conformation, and since Pushkin was about to start teaching a group of dancers of Baryshnikov's age, he was virtually in.

Misha did have to spend the summer awaiting final word. He tried to pass the time fishing, a sport he still loves, but inwardly he agonized. "It would have been shattering if I had not been accepted. Already I was living the life of the Kirov. Seeing Leningrad and the school was like an electrifying shock. I could not imagine living apart from it." Not knowing how to work out alone, he did his best to "prepare myself morally" for the work that he hoped he would soon be doing. He is a trifle vague as to what this means, but ventures: "There comes a moment in a young artist's life when he knows he has to bring something to the stage from within himself. He has to put in something in order to be able to take something out. Many performers are physically well trained but not morally disciplined and content on-stage. They fall apart."

Not Baryshnikov. The school is very demanding, the students working from 9 in the morning to 10 at night. Misha studied fencing, make-up, French, Russian and Western literature as well as classical dancing. The Kirov is famous for its instruction in acting, particularly mime. Still, it is not solely or even largely this grounding that makes Baryshnikov grateful for his school years. What made them unique was Pushkin's presence.

"I was his last pupil. I will never find the kind of pedagogy I



LEONID LUBANITSKY



Above, Baryshnikov relaxes at the barre; right, the dancer turns fisherman; below, he rehearses with Gelsey Kirkland in Paris.



TIM STEWART

had in Pushkin," he says. "He was such a pure and simple character that it is hard to talk about him in simple words. He was like somebody who stepped out of an icon. Pushkin had an ability to infect you with such a love for dance that you almost became obsessed with it. It is almost like a disease." Like all great teachers, he had an inspired ability to simplify. Says Baryshnikov: "He taught the most logical series of steps and movements that I have ever seen."

Baryshnikov entered the company at the end of his third year of study—and not as a humble member of the corps. He started as a soloist, and in his first week danced the peasant pas de deux in *Giselle*. Visiting dancers and critics from abroad noticed him at once, and word began spreading in the West that the Kirov had a new discovery. By 1970, when he was 22, Baryshnikov was enjoying his first Western triumph in London. A little later he was suffering the first signs of official disapproval back home. His preference for clothes—and chicks—from the West had been duly noted, and he believed that his mail was being censored. He might have tolerated such minor harassments, but artistic confinement was another matter. Like Nureyev and one of his current partners, Natalia Makarova, he began to need the challenge of new choreographic ideas. That was the main reason for self-exile from Russia. "We had to come to America," he says, "because the standards of dancing are the highest and the choreography beyond anywhere else."

He is at pains to point out that this was not a political defection: "If only the Kirov had permitted me to perform with other companies in the West. If only they had asked foreign choreographers to compose works for us in which the Western con-

temporary approach to ballet is being explored." The actual escape in Toronto was typically daring. Baryshnikov could have walked out of his hotel room. Instead, he waited until after his last performance, then dashed through a crowd of well-wishers. He was nearly run over but made it safely to a waiting car a couple of blocks away.

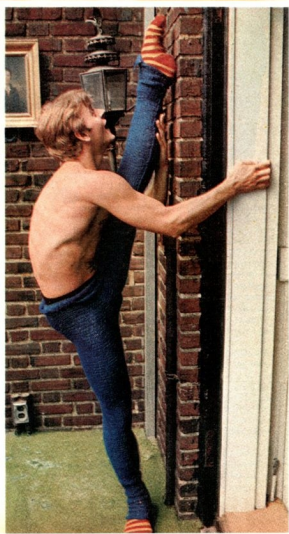
He is now a man hungry to taste all the artistic pleasures he was denied at home, and some friends feel that he has grabbed for too much, too fast. But the selection of A.B.T. as his first home in the West, a choice made easier by Makarova's powerful desire to have him as a partner, is basically sound. The company, probably the best in the U.S., had repertory roles like Albrecht that Baryshnikov already knew, and could offer him new parts when he was ready. He has insisted on teaming not only with Makarova but also with Gelsey Kirkland, 22, who is both a precocious star and a defector of sorts, from George Balanchine's New York City Ballet. Baryshnikov was surprised to find that a great many more performances are demanded of a star here than in Russia. There he might dance five times in a month; here it is more like five performances a week. He is thriving on the work, "asking for more and more performances because I have begun to enjoy the taste of it. That is about the greatest transformation that has taken place for me. It does not matter who dances at the Kirov; all tickets are sold. Here an artist dances primarily if he sells tickets." It is a correlation that cannot but please almost any artist—especially when he receives an estimated \$2,000 per outing.

This clout helps Baryshnikov realize his other thwarted aim from Kirov days—to dance roles drawn from outside the classical repertory. *Les Patineurs* is one of these, as is *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, which he flew to Paris to learn from Choreographer Petit. In the summer he will add *Shadowplay*, which Antony Tudor is reworking especially for him. Such innovators as Twyla Tharp and Alvin Ailey are also working on new ballets for him. John Neumeier, director of the Hamburg Opera Ballet, will stage *Hamlet* for him—probably next winter.

In short, Misha has been placing great burdens on himself. Considering the obvious problems of adjusting to a new country, a new style of life, he probably should not have undertaken his month-long tour of Australia with Makarova last January. He



Baryshnikov in action: all the prerequisites of dancing greatness



Top: Baryshnikov rests his bandaged foot and improvises a consolation on the guitar. Last February he sprained a tendon while on tour in Sydney, Australia. He returned to New York City to get well. Right: Getting back into shape, he does an exercise for his unique musculature. Above: Three friendly muzzles. Misha loves animals and these Samoyeds belonging to friends are among his best new companions.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONID LUBIANITSKY

badly sprained a tendon in his ankle while dancing the *Don Quixote* pas de deux in Sydney. He was able to finish the performance, but fainted after two curtain calls. The accident put him in bed and on crutches for weeks and still causes pain.

Even Baryshnikov admits that he is running on "nervous energy. I am entering my new life, but I am not there yet. Until schedules and organization come, it's all nervous energy." Remi Saunderson, a Russian émigré who devotes herself to helping Russian artists resettle in the West, believes that some of this nearly manic activity is inevitable right now. Major performing artists in Russia are treated very well materially but have little training in the use of initiative. Says she: "There you are given food, but not the choice of food." As a man who came West for a choice of choreography, Baryshnikov will need some experience before he learns what is worth doing and what to pass by. Meanwhile, predictably, he tries just about everything.

As he attempts to reassemble his life, he has at least found comforting surrogate parents in the U.S. They are Mrs. Saunderson and Howard Gilman, board chairman of the Gilman Paper Co. A major patron of music and dance, Gilman has lent Baryshnikov a New York penthouse rent-free. Saunderson and Gilman have introduced him to musicians like Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich and Conductor Leonard Bernstein. Baryshnikov has plunged eagerly into an investigation of American culture. He spends his spare time at plays, operas and especially movies. He is a considerable student of television, whether afternoon cartoons or old movies on the late show (he has worked up imitations of Humphrey Bogart's "Hello, sweetheart" and any number of commercial pitchmen). In a more Russian vein, he has begun reading Alexander Solzhenitsyn, whose books fill him with "pain and awe," according to Mrs. Saunderson.

At work he is well liked personally, but there are some problems at A.B.T. American dancers cannot help representing the publicity that Russians seem to get effortlessly. They feel that newcomers are taking roles that they, the company's veterans, have been working toward for years. "Americans have nothing to sell but their dancing," says Cynthia Gregory, 28. "I just feel helpless. No matter how well we dance, we never get that kind of recognition." Ted Kivitt, 32, who has shared a dressing room with Baryshnikov at Manhattan's primitive City Center, says: "The timing has been bad for me. It was my time for getting recognition. It is like taking ten giant steps backward." Adds Deborah Dobson, 24: "We are all starting to get a little inhibited. When you are out there onstage and you are not a star, you feel almost like apologizing."

Baryshnikov has tried to make friends in the company by passing on as much as he can of his peerless training to beginning performers, by teaching his steps to young stars like Fernando Buñones, 20, or simply by breaking rehearsal tension with a rendition of show tunes on the grand piano.

Still, the uniqueness of his talent is bound to set him apart. After he has created a full life for himself here, his sudden shifts in mood may be less noticeable. His abrupt withdrawals from company and into himself may disappear.

He is loosening up. The stereo rig blares, though Misha may interrupt it to recite the Russian poetry—Pasternak, Mandelstam, Pushkin—he loves. Records of Florence Foster Jenkins' haywire coloratura are another new enthusiasm. He enjoyed a recent trip to Paris because "there, people have more time than in New York." He is absorbing the American pace, however. When Gelsey Kirkland stalled at a recent photo session, he nudged her with "Let's go, Gelsey, let's go."

It is hard to imagine him slowing down, easing off. "To relax is difficult for me. I know it is important to have a sensible schedule and not to exaggerate, but I am like a horse used to pulling a great load. I can't begin to think what would happen if I stopped dancing. I have to squelch those thoughts, drive them down. The stage is a form of opium for me—a psychological feeling I must have, I cannot be without."

The feeling is not a thing he begs for, this romantic yet remarkably lucid dancer. He takes the stage because it is his by right of conquest over the audience. He gives back the excitement he finds in that conquest. It is enough. It is everything.

DINA BALANCHINE



Natalia Makarova's deliquescent, soaring Giselle.

RITES of SPRING

Rather astonishing reports began filtering in from U.S. colleges about three years ago: the most heavily attended student events were not rock concerts or even football games, but dance performances. All over the country, the general public packed the theaters. In 1965 the total dance audience was an estimated 1 million. By 1974 it had risen to 11 million. Not since the Second World War had U.S. ballet known so bright a moment of glory. At that time Dance Critic Edwin Denby attributed the public's eagerness for dance to ballet's "civilized and peaceful excitement." Psychologists now mutter about correlations between dance movement and the human pulse. Whatever the explanation, Americans apparently cannot get enough of dance.

Nowhere is the renaissance more apparent than in New York City, now the dance capital of the world. This spring Manhattan will provide the backdrop for 16 world premières at New York City Ballet's Ravel Festival. Galas will be presented by Martha Graham, New York City Ballet and, in the summer, American Ballet Theater. Two foreign companies—the U.S.S.R.'s Bolshoi and Germany's Stuttgart Ballet—will perform at the Metropolitan Opera House. One wonders, in fact, if Diaghilev's Paris or Petipa's St. Petersburg ever had it so good.

A brief review of leading companies besides A.B.T. and this spring's events:

NEW YORK CITY BALLET. Along with Martha Graham, George Balanchine helped lay the foundations of 20th century dance. In Edward Villella, Patricia McBride, Allegra Kent, Helgi Tomasson, Peter Martins and Peter Schaufuss, City Ballet has wonderful dancers. But it browns on stars and remains a choreographer's company, mainly in the Balanchine mold. Too much of a good thing has resulted in high-quality, efficient but somehow uninvolved evenings. The return of prodigal Suzanne Farrell from five years abroad, plus increasing focus on Choreographer Je-

rome Robbins' wide-ranging talents, may create some needed excitement.

This season City Ballet confronts its stiffest artistic challenge ever. During the last three weekends of May, *Hommage à Ravel*, a centenary celebration of the French composer's birth, will feature a festival of 16 new ballets against a vast fresco of Ravel music. "In ballet there has to be something new every season," Balanchine explains calmly. "Also, Ravel was a Basque and all the Basques dance." Because the company cannot afford to close down even for a week, the new dances must be created and rehearsed while the company continues to perform the 36 ballets now in repertory. Possibly no other troupe but Mr. B.'s is capable of such labor. Balanchine claims that American dancers have a greater ability to memorize than Europeans do. "Of course, in Europe people go out for two-hour lunches and come back groggy," he adds. "Here we don't eat."

PAUL TAYLOR COMPANY. A former Graham disciple, Taylor is a modern dancer tantalized by ballet. His hip thrusts and broad jumps are as big and cheerful as he is. His linear choreography has satiric bite. *Esplanade*, a new piece, will be shown during a June 10-15 engagement at Manhattan's Lyceum Theater.

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET. From half a dozen dancers practicing in a former chocolate factory, the Joffrey has grown into a troupe of 43. In 1967, Choreographer Robert Joffrey created *As-tarte*, the first multimedia ballet. But it was Associate Director Gerald Arpino's *Trinity* (1970), a contemporary barn dance set

to the throbbing sounds of a rock band, that roused a Leningrad audience to 36 curtain calls and a 27-minute ovation during last fall's Russian tour. Summer activities include a West Coast tour in June.

DANCE THEATER OF HARLEM.

"Why shouldn't a black be a ballet dancer?" No reason why not, said former City Ballet Member Arthur Mitchell, the first black artist to become a principal dancer in a major ballet company. In 1969, Mitchell and Dance Pedagogue Karel Shook started the only black classical company in the U.S. Today they preside over a school of 1,000 and an exuberant troupe of 27. Chicagoans will have the chance to see stylish, unaffected dancers next week.

ALWYN NIKOLAIS' DANCE THEATER. Alwyn Nikolais' choreography stresses sculpture, light and color with effects that can be droll or sinister. Costumes, light projections and electronic music are all his own creations. The ten-member troupe performs in New York in late June.

OTHER U.S. DANCE COMPANIES. The dance explosion is not confined to New York. Ten years ago there were two professional dance companies outside of Manhattan with budgets exceeding \$100,000. Last year there were 20. Bustling activity in other U.S. companies, like the San Francisco Ballet, reflects the new enthusiasm for dance. There is wit behind the footwork of San Francisco's Alexander Filipov, who is yet another Kirov-trained dancer. Dramatic range, nervy dancing and a varied repertory—*Giselle*, Merce Cunningham's *Winterbranch*—place the Boston Ballet high on the list. Small wonder that subscriptions nearly tripled last year. The most important company outside of New York, however, is the Pennsylvania Ballet. The women are lithe; the ensemble work is solid. The clear, precisely articulated style of Principal Lawrence Rhodes (who moonlights with Eliot Feld's company in New York) marks him as one of ballet's leading male dancers. In June the Pennsylvania Ballet will appear at the Blossom Center Music Festival in Ohio.

Visiting Troupes from Abroad:

BOLSHOI BALLET. The key to the enduring Bolshoi mystique is its magnitude: the colossal technical prowess of its dancers, their grandeur of emotion, the elaborate theatrical productions. Alas, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera the gallant dancers often sag beneath the weighty spectacle of the frantic choreography of Director Yuri Grigorovich. Yet *Giselle*, the company's cornerstone, abounds in fresh lyrical dancing and finely drawn characterizations. Radiant young Ludmila Semenyaka and Vyacheslav Gordeyev, a powerful classical dancer, should win fans during the Bolshoi's nine-city national tour.

STUTTGART BALLET. This is the group's first U.S. appearance since the death of principal Architect-Director John Cranko in 1973. American Choreographer Glen Tetley, a former A.B.T. and Martha Graham dancer, was the company's unanimous choice to succeed Cranko. But whereas Cranko's story ballets and acrobatic choreography strengthened the theatrical aspect of Stuttgart, Tetley's blend of classical and modern dance vocabulary may add more plasticity of movement. His *Voluntaries* and his new *Daphnis and Chloé* will be given U.S. premieres during May-July visits to New York's Metropolitan Opera and Washington, D.C.'s Kennedy Center.

Above, Stuttgart dancers performing *Voluntaries*; below, rehearsing for New York City Ballet's Ravel festival. Lawrence Rhodes, center, portraying a god and, at right, the Dance Theater of Harlem.

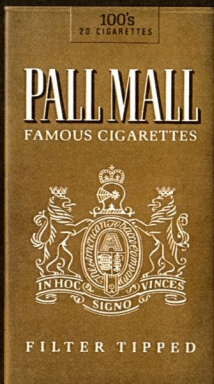


STUTTGART BALLET—GLEN TETLEY



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PALL MALL GOLD 100's

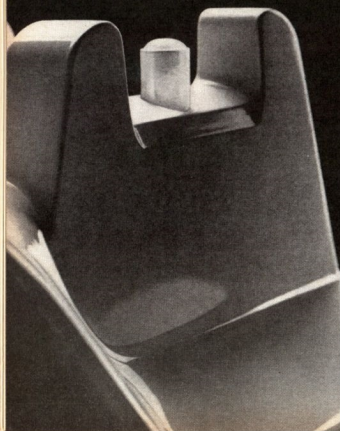
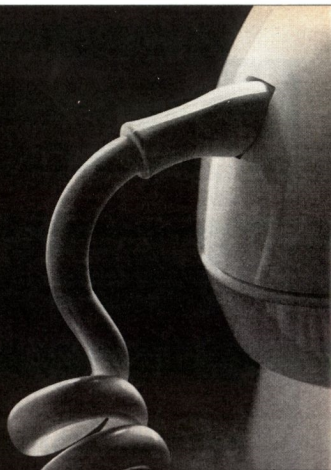
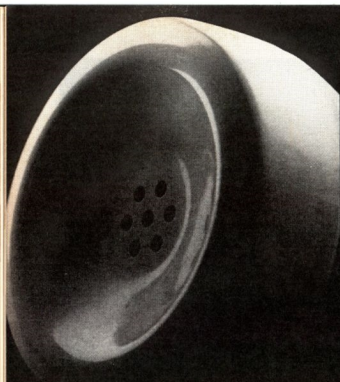


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BRITAIN

Muddling to Collapse?

During the past three decades, while other nations have devised all sorts of fancy names for their economic plans, Britain has relied on the ancient formula of "muddling through." As the nation lurched from one economic crisis to another, something—a sudden devaluation of sterling, a new draconian budget, the generosity of foreign lenders—always averted catastrophe at the last moment. Today, the British seem to have run out of expedients to solve their latest and worst crisis. Britain "is going down the drain," says Arthur Burns, chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board. At last many Britons are becoming alarmed too.

While inflation is finally subsiding

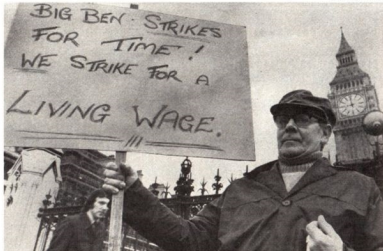
anticipated public-borrowing requirement of \$21 billion.

Britain's troubles raise the specter of international bankruptcy, a situation in which an uncontrollable run on the pound would force Britain to declare a moratorium on repayment of foreign debts, slap tight controls on wages and prices and limit imports drastically. The result would be a sharp decline in British living standards. While recently presenting a new budget that imposes an additional 25% tax on most luxury items, Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey warned that Britain must not exhaust the patience of foreign lenders. "We would then face the appalling prospect of going down in a matter of

risen much less in Britain than in any other major industrial country.

The unions' propensity to walk off the job on almost any excuse takes a heavy toll: in 1974, strikes and other work stoppages cost Britain 1,418 man-days of labor for every 1,000 workers, v. 410 in France and only 82 in West Germany. Unions also enforce archaic work rules and featherbedding practices that keep productivity low. By one estimate, the average Japanese worker produces six times more autos per year than his British counterpart.

Accelerated Pace. Worse still, the powerful trade unions have blocked efforts to make the British economy more competitive. Former Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath provoked a showdown in 1973 with the miners' union over their wage demands, and lost. His defeat set the stage for Laborite Harold Wilson's return to power. The Labor Party, which is heavily dependent on union votes, is not even trying to reform any labor practices that preserve



A BRITISH ELECTRICIAN PICKETING IN FRONT OF PARLIAMENT
Labor indiscipline, decrepit plants and possible bankruptcy.

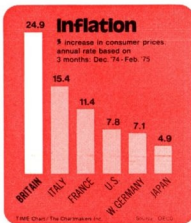
in almost all other industrial countries, it is still rising in Britain. Price increases averaged a horrifying 21% for the twelve months that ended March 31. In the past three months they have accelerated to an annual rate of 25%. The world recession has left nearly a million Britons without jobs, v. 680,000 a year ago; the unemployment total is expected to reach 1.5 million by mid-1976. But that prospect has failed to reverse the inflationary trend; unions still demand and get wage increases of up to 40%. The pound (worth, roughly, \$2.30) fell last week to its lowest point ever against most world currencies, a decline of 24.4% since late 1971. The nation that once ran an empire on which the sun never set has become dependent on foreign loans to help meet this year's an-

weeks to the levels of public services and personal living standards which we could finance from what we earned," he said. "I do not believe that our political and social system could stand that strain."

The nation's crisis is the product of a vicious circle of industrial inefficiency, labor indiscipline and overly ambitious welfare-statism. The British government now spends an average of \$2,320 annually in social and health benefits for each member of the work force, a staggering sum in a nation where per capita income is only \$3,085. The high taxes necessary to finance these benefits have helped drain away funds needed for the modernization of Britain's overaged and decrepit plants; industrial production in the past three years has

jobs. Instead, left-wing members of the party are using the present crisis to accelerate the pace of state control of British industry, although 30 years of nationalization have hardly helped to make the economy more efficient.

The leader of the movement is Anthony Wedgwood Benn, the Secretary of State for Industry. His policy, called "Bennery" by his many critics, is to force cash-squeezed companies to accept government control in return for government bailout money. His biggest take-over so far is of British Leyland, the nation's largest auto- and truckmaker (Austin Morris, Rover, Jaguar, Triumph), which could not raise funds for plant modernization. The Labor government has already committed \$2.2 billion to Leyland, but the total outlay may exceed \$6 billion. The rescue plan, however, does not call for cutting back employment, though overmanning is one



of Leyland's chief handicaps. Similarly, Benn is resisting the economy measures of Sir Monty Finniston, the chief executive of the nationalized British Steel Corp., which is losing nearly \$6 million a week. Finniston wants to reduce the 220,000-member work force by 10% and close small, inefficient plants.

The Labor Party's real master plan for rescuing the economy, as far as it has any, seems to be simply to hang on until 1980 or so, when oil wells now being drilled under the North Sea will provide Britain with a rich new source of tax revenue and cut import bills. It just might work, and the nation might muddle through one more time: Britain is in the position of the debtor whose creditors can ill afford to force him under because they would lose too much in the process. For example, if oil-rich Arabs started withdrawing their huge deposits from London, the pound would skid much further, thus diminishing the value of the Arabs' sterling holdings before they could convert them to some other currency. But the dependence on foreign money is not only humiliating for the nation that was once the world's greatest financial power, it is risky in the extreme.

ENERGY

Curbing the Strippers

Few pieces of legislation have started more arguments than the various bills Congress has considered to regulate strip mining of coal—a method that accounts for more than half the 600 million tons of coal produced annually in the U.S. Environmental groups, ranchers and farmers favor such a law; they are dismayed by the landslides, soil erosion, water pollution and impairment of natural beauty that often result from the stripping away of tons of topsoil to get at rich coal seams lying just beneath the earth's surface. Energy industries argue that to achieve some form of energy self-

sufficiency, the U.S. must mine all the coal that it can. Proponents and opponents cannot agree on how much production might be lost because of regulation, how much strip-mining controls might cost the consumer, or much else. The Federal Government has been divided: environmental agencies favored controls voted by Congress last year, but the Federal Energy Administration opposed them.

Congress and the White House cannot agree either. President Ford pocket vetoed a strip-mining bill last December, but later said that he would sign it if 27 changes were made. Last week Congress voted overwhelmingly to send an only slightly modified bill back to the White House. Administration officials have hinted at another veto, but the chances of the bill becoming law are nonetheless fairly strong. So many Senators favored the bill that the Senate last week did not bother to take a count, but passed it by voice vote. In the House, the bill passed by a margin of 293 to 115, or three more votes than would be necessary to override another no from the White House.

Among the key provisions of the proposed Surface Mining Control and Reclamation Act of 1975:

- Strip-mined land must be returned to its "approximate original contour" and restored to a condition capable of supporting whatever uses it had prior to mining (farming, grazing, recreation). Operators are responsible for revegetating the land, as well as for replenishing the quantity and quality of local water resources.

- Operators must pay 35¢ for every ton of strip-mined coal, and 15¢ for every deep-mined ton, into a new fund for reclamation of abandoned mines. The aim is to restore some 100 million acres of already stripped land, primarily in Appalachia where deep hillside gashes mark worked-out steep-slope mines.

- Anyone adversely affected by strip-mining operations may bring suit against the U.S., the state, the operator

or the regulatory authorities, including the Secretary of the Interior.

- Permits for strip mining on alluvial valley floors west of the 100th meridian (which runs from North Dakota to Texas) will not be issued for operations that threaten existing or potential farming or ranching activities.

For many coal companies, these western areas, chiefly in Montana, Wyoming and North Dakota, have been the land of the future. Reserves estimated at 32 billion tons lie close to the surface and are easy to mine. The low sulfur content of the coal makes it attractive to pollution-prone utilities. The bill throws into doubt, at least for the moment, many of the coal companies' plans for expansion. "It is fair to say that this bill was not designed to facilitate the mining of western coal but rather to prevent it," complains Donald Cook, chairman of the nation's second-largest coal user, the American Electric Power Co.

No Choice. Other critics of the bill contend that the main impact will be felt by small strip miners in Appalachia, who cannot afford the reclamation costs, or by consumers, whose electric bills could rise as much as 15% because utilities would either buy more high-priced oil to substitute for lost coal output or pay more for coal itself. Some electric companies, in fact, may not even have a choice. Last week the Government announced hearings on whether to order nine Midwestern utilities to use coal as fuel instead of oil or natural gas. Before the Government's authority to require such conversions ends June 30, according to Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb, another 55 power plants may be forced to make the same switch.

The bill's backers, meanwhile, are scoffing at alarmist assessments. Democratic Senator Henry Jackson of Washington notes sarcastically that Administration experts have estimated the amount of production that might be lost at anywhere from 14 million to 141 million tons a year; the figures, he says, are "basically meaningless."

LAND RAVAGED BY STRIP MINING IN CADIZ, OHIO, AREA; CATTLE BEING FATTENED ON RECLAIMED PASTURAGE NEAR DU QUOIN, ILL.



INDUSTRY

Defying the Recession

Steel profits, like the bumblebee, seem to be defying gravity. They hit record levels in 1974, and have gone right on rising through the recession-darkened first quarter of this year. While earnings of all manufacturing industries fell an average of 18% from the same quarter last year, the sharpest drop in 14 years, Bethlehem Steel posted a profit gain of 86% and Republic Steel 57%. U.S. Steel earned 54% more from operations than a year earlier; a huge capital gain lifted the total increase to 103%. The surge occurred despite plummeting demand from such major customers as the battered auto and home-appliance industries.

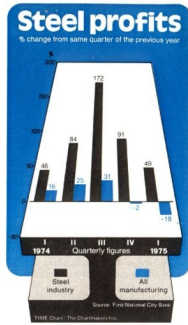
Bigger Inventories. Commenting on these rich returns, steelmen insist that prospects for the rest of 1975 are dim because the conditions that brought prosperity have changed drastically. Profits boomed last year partly because many users, including auto and appliance companies, piled up bigger inventories than they needed as a hedge against rising prices. Users also bought extra steel because they worried that a lack of coal caused by a miners' strike last year would bring a metal shortage. With production running at optimum capacity, efficiency at the mills increased and operating costs rose only slowly.

But the biggest reason for the profit surge was the rapid series of price hikes that steelmen imposed after Government controls were lifted in April 1974. In the steel executives' view, those boosts

were needed to make up for years of low earnings. Last December, after U.S. Steel announced price boosts of 8% to 10% on about two-thirds of its product line, President Ford's Council on Wage and Price Stability asked the company to justify its action; U.S. Steel then trimmed the increase to 7% to 8%. Nonetheless, steel prices at the end of 1974 averaged 40% higher than at the start of the year.

The price rises continued to keep profits aloft in the first quarter of 1975, even after demand shriveled for flat-rolled steel used in cars and a sudden drop in users' capital-spending plans caused a fall in orders for steel used in construction. But remarkable as the first-quarter profit gains were, they fell off substantially from late 1974. In the third quarter last year, steel profits rose an average 172% from the equivalent quarter of 1973, and in the fourth quarter 91%. The average gain for this year's first quarter was 49%.

Last week U.S. Steel Chairman Edgar Speer predicted that the industry's profits will shrink through the rest of this year and possibly into 1976. Independent experts agree that the party is over; already many mills are operating at only 78% to 80% of capacity and growing numbers of workers are being laid off. In a recent report, Steel Analyst Robert Hageman of the Wall Street brokerage house of Kidder Peabody reckoned that steel shipments this year will fall to about 87 million tons, off 25% from last year. Though some steelmen have been talking up additional price



rises later this year, when labor costs will go up under a long-term contract, any boosts will be difficult to sustain; indeed, some mills have quietly begun discounting prices. The industry also faces stiffening competition from European and Japanese firms that are offering steel to U.S. buyers at prices well below those charged by American mills.

Yet though the recession may be lately caught up with steel profits, the industry is in better health than it has been during past downturns. The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* neatly summed up the situation last week with a headline: STEEL'S BEST RECESSION EVER.

For the auto industry, bad news seems unending. Sales figures released last week confirm that the long-awaited spring upturn has yet to begin. Through April this year, the industry sold 2,039,426 cars, down 17.6% from a year earlier and 38.8% below the record 1973 pace. Inventories of unsold cars, which were reduced sharply in the first quarter, are creeping up again, and Ford last week cut its May-June assembly schedules by 5%. In July, Ford will close most of its 62 domestic plants for a two- to three-week vacation.

For both stockholders and workers, the financial pain is acute. Last week Chrysler reported a first-quarter loss of \$94.1 million, and American Motors a January-March loss of \$47.8 million. General Motors has cut its dividend for the second straight quarter, and last week it told 55,000 laid-off workers that no more funds are available to pay them supplemental unemployment benefits—which, combined with unemployment compensation, can give a furloughed auto worker 95% of his normal take-home pay. S.U.B. funds for 39,700 Chrysler workers ran out five weeks ago.



SHEET METAL BENT INTO OIL PIPES AT BETHLEHEM'S STEELTON, PA., MILL
A series of rapid price hikes helped earnings defy gravity.



Could Seventh Avenue pocket any profits in Hong Kong?

Yes, indeed. Although Hong Kong is an exporter of apparel, it offers excellent opportunities for sales of goods manufactured in the United States.

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Linda Pittman, Skelly Administrative Secretary,
Tulsa, Oklahoma

"When the clerk at my local fabric center told me that polyester fabrics might become very scarce, it really opened my eyes. I realized for the first time

that the energy crisis was hitting us in more ways than gasoline.

"Most of the polyester outfits I sew are wrinkle-free, very easy to care for

and clean. I've relied upon them for so long that it would be difficult to imagine getting along without them.

"I think that the energy crisis has opened our eyes to a lot of other things, too, like sharing. Even during the height of the shortage, I believe that most of us would have filled up with gasoline if we could have. But knowing that a half-tank in your car would mean that your neighbor would also be able to get a half-tank really brought home the concept of sharing.

"Mankind is like a big family. And the only way we can help our brother is to give. But we are in a difficult situation now, because we haven't shared for so long. At least the energy crisis has caused us to reach out for each other.

"It gives me a good feeling to know that my company is trying to alleviate the problem. It's a good feeling."



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MANAGEMENT

Workers on the Board

By instinct and tradition, U.S. labor unions have been content to leave the actual running of companies to management, preferring to stress the bread-and-butter issues of wages, hours and working conditions. But in Europe, worker participation in management decision making is an established idea that keeps spreading continually into more countries and industries. The practice, known in German as *Mitbestimmung* (literally, having a voice in), took root shortly after World War II in West Germany, where coal miners and steel workers began sitting alongside bosses on industry supervisory boards. In recent years, the notion of giving workers a greater say in the companies that hire them has gained vast new momentum; in one form or another, it is popping up all over the Continent.

Last week in Brussels, the Common Market Commission proposed a statute that could, among other things, result in many firms in the nine-nation Community being governed by supervisory boards representing shareholders, labor and management. In Sweden, worker groups have already won the right to audit company books. In The Netherlands, major employers are required by law to consult a workers' council before closing even an unprofitable plant. In Norway, workers may decide among themselves if they want board representation, then elect up to a third of a company's directors.

Worker participation received a big push in France recently when a national commission recommended 70 changes in law and business practices aimed at increasing worker "co-surveillance," or otherwise making working conditions more humane. The most important proposal calls for one-third worker representation on company boards.

Better Educated. The French report also presented many of the arguments why worker participation should be promoted by the government. Chief among them is the emergence of the "new worker"—better educated, more distrustful of authority, more discriminating toward his working environment than his predecessors of a generation ago. His rise has resulted in absenteeism (425 million work days lost in France alone in 1972) and a growing reluctance on the part of young people to work in factories. *Mitbestimmung*, or some form

of it, is seen as a way of reconciling the new worker and his boss.

There are some indications that *Mitbestimmung* can indeed work that way. During a decline in the West German coal industry that cost 400,000 miners their jobs between 1957 and 1973, management and workers consulted closely on mine closings and programs for re-employment, retraining and early retirement of employees. Result: the shrinkage was accomplished with no major labor disputes. *Mitbestimmung*, says Karl-Heinz Briam, labor representative on the board of Krupp's steel operation, "is something like marriage with no divorce possible."

For that very reason, *Mitbestimmung*

the interests of those who seek to maximize profits and those who protect the interests of workers."

But for more and more workers and bosses, *Mitbestimmung* is the better way. Some illustrations of its progress:

► In Sweden, Volvo has reorganized its assembly-line system to give workers a greater feeling of accomplishment (TIME, Sept. 16). For almost two years, every company with more than 100 employees has been required to add two workers to its board; the Swedish Confederation of Labor sends new worker representatives to school. Moreover, "safety ombudsmen" are empowered to halt production if they see hazardous conditions in factories.

► In The Netherlands, every firm with more than 100 employees must form a works council of up to 25 employees elected by their peers. It is not done all the time, but management is theoretically required to consult the councils on practically anything likely to affect the company significantly—expansion plans, merger possibilities, closings, changes in pension plans. In 1974, workers of the Delta-Lloyd insurance group succeeded in overriding management's plan to merge with a Dutch firm and chose instead to make a deal with the British Commercial Union Assurance Co.

► In France, BSN, a giant glass company, has a committee of 30 workers (representing 14,000) who meet once a month with management to discuss a broad range of subjects: more flexible working hours, altering certain retirement plans. At the Renault auto company, *Mitbestimmung* translates as "job enrichment"; Renault workers select components and assemble them at their own pace, cutting one to two hours off the previous assembly time.

Worker participation is expected to go on rising in Europe even as recession continues. In economically pinched times, workers usually press for non-economic fringe benefits, of which a greater say in their companies is certainly one. Sooner or later, the idea is bound to start sprouting in the U.S. There are no workers on U.S. company boards now, but some union leaders feel that the day is coming. At Chrysler Corp., a move is under way to get employee-elected representation on the company's board, not necessarily a union member but any proven auto executive who could help turn the company around. The wedge would be the estimated 16% of Chrysler's 59 million shares held by union and nonunion workers.



HARD & SOFT HATS ON A WEST GERMAN CONFERENCE TABLE

For employees, a symbol of participation in decision making.

mitbestimmung is viewed with hostility by Communist- and socialist-dominated unions in France and Italy, who want no marriage between workers and capitalists. In Italy, where unions are among the most radical in Europe, an experiment by the giant automaker Fiat to involve workers in production plans and manpower organization appears to be in deep trouble after only six months. Says Socialist Piero Boni, a leader of Italy's largest trade-union confederation: "Today, this is not the right way for Italy. Here we have to go on strike." In Britain, unions want more than a voice in how companies are run; they want dominance. The journal of the British engineering workers union editorializes: "There is an irreconcilable gulf between



WINEGROWERS' SIT-IN IN FRENCH CHURCH

TRADE

The New Protectionism

The French steel industry has declared that it faces a "manifest crisis," demanding, so far unsuccessfully, that the Common Market permit controls on imports of steel from outside the nine-nation Community. The Canadian and Australian governments have already posted restrictions on textile imports. Last week the British automobile industry, with protectionist action clearly in mind, formally asked the European Economic Community to investigate charges that Japanese cars are being "dumped" in Britain. In the U.S., the United Automobile Workers union is trying to document a suspicion that Volkswagen Rabbits are being dumped in America.

As these rumblings indicate, protectionist sentiment is rising around the world—to no one's surprise. Demands that domestic businesses be shielded against import competition always become more strident during times of spreading unemployment. The real surprise is that despite the severity of the global recession, free traders so far have held the dikes successfully against the protectionist tide; nothing resembling the tariff wars of the 1930s has occurred. Import-limiting actions, as distinct from talk, have been few and scattered. For example, Finland now requires importers to post large bonds, and the Japanese have persuaded several trading

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

partners to limit, voluntarily and temporarily, some shipments to Japan.

No one can be confident, however, that the free traders will continue to win. At the end of May, the 24-member Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development will meet in Paris to renew a free-trade pledge, but Britain's vote, at least, is in doubt. The grim facts of recession can overwhelm the best of intentions, as Australia has already proved. After Prime Minister Gough Whitlam's Labor government took office in 1972, it fulfilled an election pledge for tariff reform by slashing levies 25% across the board. As late as last December, Whitlam was telling Europeans that "a retreat into economic isolation is no answer for us or any other nation." But even as he spoke, his government was beginning to consider re-establishing stiff import quotas and tariffs.

Special Duties. In other countries, though, free traders have been able to work out compromises that help domestic industries while preserving the principle of free competition. The U.S. Government for a while threatened to impose special duties on cheese imported from the Common Market, responding to American dairymen who were annoyed by the agricultural subsidies that European dairy farmers received. But American negotiators persuaded the Europeans to forgo most of the subsidies instead—a move that might cost the Europeans half their \$70 million cheese-export business to the U.S. because it will drive up the price of imported cheese in American stores. The duties might have cut sales even more severely. Within the Common Market, pressure from French winegrowers suffering from two years of overproduction led the government in March to restrict imports of cheap Italian wine; at one point some 300 irate *viticulteurs* occupied the cathedral at Montpellier, refusing to budge until the flow of wine from Italy was stopped. The ban, however, was lifted a month ago.

The recession, meanwhile, is impeding efforts to negotiate still greater freedom of trade. Last week in Geneva, representatives to a GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) parley argued over whether tariffs on farm commodities should be handled by an agricultural subcommittee or by a committee with broader authority. U.S. policymakers want to consider them together; in this manner, Americans and Canadians could agree to let in more European industrial exports in exchange for greater freedom of access to the European market for farm goods. For precisely the same reason, Europeans are lobbying against such linked bargaining. Their argument: recent dock blockades, riots and demonstrations by European farmers are ominous signs of a potential social upheaval unless special measures are taken to protect Europe's ancient and comparatively backward agriculture.

MARKETING

Recession Bucker

The solid-state electronic technology that drastically reduced the price and bulk of calculators is now shaking up the watch industry—and producing a trend that defies both inflation and recession. "Quartz" timepieces powered by one-year silver oxide batteries came on the market in 1970, but as late as 1973 yearly sales of the devices were only 176,000. Then last year, despite a 12% rate of national inflation, manufacturing economics enabled sellers to mark down price tags from an average \$118 to about \$95, and volume jumped to 650,000 even as the recession deepened. Tom M. Hylltin, president of Micro Display Systems, a subsidiary of the Japanese watchmaker Seiko, estimates that this year sales will leap to 2.2 million, as the price drops to the \$50 range. By 1977 the infant industry confidently expects to sell a cool 10 million quartz watches at just \$20 each.

New Faces. Traditional watchmakers are not letting themselves be caught dozing; almost all are regearing for a solid-state bonanza. But inevitably, the technological change is bringing a host of new corporate faces into the watch industry, mostly as manufacturers of components. Among them: Motorola, RCA, Intel and National Semiconductor. The last two not only supply traditional watchmakers, but also have begun turning out finished products of their own. The newcomers are almost all from the computer and radio industries, where much of the solid-state technology originated.

The devices are called quartz watches because instead of the standard balance wheel, they rely on an oscillating current in a small battery-charged quartz crystal. The current in turn powers a tiny integrated circuit, which emits pulses that regulate either standard minute and hour hands or a digital display. The watches are accurate to within a minute a year v. one to two minutes a week for standard models.

For a time, some digital displays were dying out after a few weeks, which understandably inhibited sales, but manufacturers say that such kinks have been ironed out. Consumers now can buy either a display that must be switched on for viewing or a "liquid-crystal" display that remains constantly illuminated. For those willing to shell out at least \$500, Ragen Precision Industries of New Jersey offers a no-battery "solar" powered model, which requires so little light for power that the manufacturer claims it will still be running after a year in a drawer.





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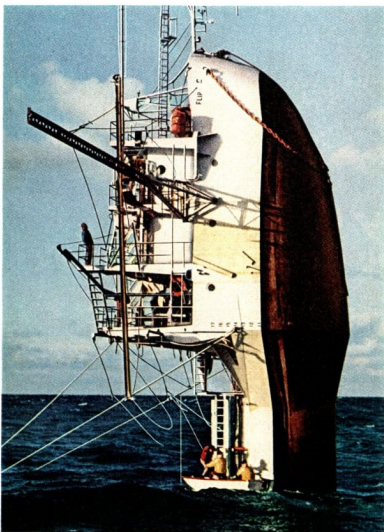
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CHARGER DAYTONA



IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



FLIP, a floating instrument platform designed by Scripps Institution, literally tips on end to gather information that may help forecast North America's weather.

Probing the secrets of the North Pacific

A very strange fleet has been working in the lonely waters of the North Pacific. It includes a 355-foot vessel that can float vertically like a giant thermometer, an instrument-packed buoy 30 feet in diameter, a Navy P-3 patrol plane, an earth satellite and a research craft with an IBM computer on board.

This fleet is engaged in a long-

range project called NORPAX (North Pacific Experiment). It involves eight universities and is jointly financed by the Office of Naval Research and the National Science Foundation.

Since most of North America's weather systems result from conditions originating in this area, NORPAX was established to study the subtle relationships between the atmosphere and the

ocean in this critical part of the world.

Each part of this curious fleet gathers data on such factors as the temperature, speed, depth and salinity of the ocean currents and the corresponding conditions of the atmosphere above them. This data is then fed to either the shipboard computer or directly to the computer at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, where all the information obtained is processed against known data.

"Reliable long-range weather prediction is still years away," says Dr. William Nierenberg, Director of Scripps, "but the computer is helping us see the cause and effect patterns that will one day make such forecasting possible."

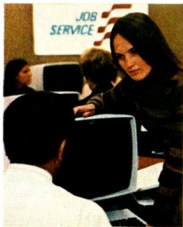
Matching people and jobs

Wisconsin is one of several states now using the computer to help bring job seekers and jobs together.

At the heart of the system is a computer in Madison, which stores information on jobs and applicants, updated daily and made available to employment offices through a statewide job bank.

In Milwaukee, the state's principal job market, there are 54 video display terminals used by trained interviewers to help match up-to-the-minute job information with the right applicant.

The Wisconsin Job Service reports that in 1974 it filled over 77,000 jobs statewide. And since 1972, when the on-line computer system was installed in Milwaukee, the system has aided in increasing the number of jobs filled by 88%.



How Florida knows where it's going, 20 years down the road.

Florida's population growth rate is one of the highest in the country, so its transportation problems are tougher than most. Yet Florida is able to plan for many years ahead. The reason: computerized project control—a pro-



Tom Webb, Secretary of Transportation, examines blueprint of a Florida road improvement project.

gram development, management and scheduling system using IBM equipment. It can give immediate information, constantly updated from the field, on the costs and schedules of any project, anywhere in the state.

"We can think about the future, instead of being bogged down in the effort to cope with current transportation problems," says Secretary of Transportation Tom Webb.

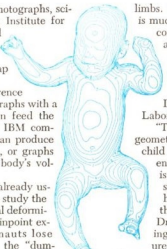
He estimates that this system has also produced many millions of extra dollars over the last five years: partly by lowering costs, partly by reducing the need to tie up money far in advance, but mainly because his staff has been able to show state and federal officials where the money was needed and how it would be used. "We know the exact status of everything in production, of projects about to go into construction, and of those being planned as far out as 20 years."

Elsewhere, construction projects may be plagued by constant delays and the huge cost overruns that go with them. In Florida, with the help of the computer, many projects are being completed 2 to 5 years ahead of schedule. And the cost of the system has already paid for itself several times over in savings.

Maps of the body that may show us its future.

With just four photographs, scientists at the Texas Institute for Rehabilitation and Research in Houston can now make an accurate contour map of your whole body. They identify reference points on the photographs with a plotting device, then feed the information into an IBM computer. The system can produce maps, cross sections, or graphs that show how the body's volume is distributed.

The Institute is already using this technique to study the development of spinal deformities in children, to pinpoint exactly where astronauts lose weight, to improve the "dummies" used in auto accident research, and to help plastic surgeons and the designers of artificial



limbs. But its ultimate potential is much greater. It may give us completely new ways to diagnose, predict and prevent deformity. And possibly even disease, according to Dr. R. E. Herron, director of the Institute's Biostereometrics Laboratory.

"There is information in the geometry of the body form of a child at birth which is inherently tied to what that child is going to be when adult," says Dr. Herron. "We've hardly begun to measure the subtleties of growth." Dr. Herron is now conducting research which will measure those subtleties, from the cradle on. "The computer," he says, "is enabling us to extend our research into a wide range of uncharted fields."

Saving energy at shopping mall

An IBM computer is helping conserve energy at McAlister Square, a 13-acre enclosed shopping mall in Greenville, S.C. By monitoring the mall's heating and air conditioning system, the computer has helped reduce power costs while maintaining comfort levels for shoppers. The computer cuts down on peak demand and total power consumption by switching off blower motors when they are not essential.

"If we didn't have the computer, I would hate to see our power bills today," says Edmund M. Apperson, executive vice president of the Caine Company, which manages the mall. "I estimate our savings at 20 to 25 percent since we installed the computer. And at no time is the comfort of our customers and employees affected."



How to store more information for less

Engineers at IBM have developed a completely new system for storing computer information, using data-filled cartridges housed in honeycombed compartments.

As a result, the cost of storing a million characters of information in direct access storage has been reduced from a typical \$25 per month ten years ago to approximately 50 cents per month today. And the system's total capacity is equal to the information that might be contained in well over 1500 sets of a thirty volume encyclopedia.

Large data users such as insurance companies and financial institutions will derive particular benefits from this breakthrough, called the IBM 3850 mass storage system.

IBM

Alexander the Greats.



Coffee Alexander

1 oz. Hiram Walker Coffee Flavored Brandy.
1 oz. Hiram Walker's California Brandy.
1 oz. cream.
Shake with ice and strain into champagne glass.
Dust with powdered coffee.

Alexander

1 oz. Hiram Walker Brown Creme de Cacao.
1 oz. Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin.
1 oz. fresh cream.
Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.
Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Blackberry Alexander

1½ oz. Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy.
½ oz. Hiram Walker White Creme de Cacao.
1 oz. cream.
Shake with cracked ice, strain into champagne glass, dust with powdered chocolate.

Hiram Walker makes 28 cordial flavors which you can multiply into a thousand delicious, different drinks. For recipes, write to Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 3382, Detroit, Michigan 48214.

To hold you over in the meantime, try the recipes above. Then sit back and see why more people

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A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE



CHEFS BOCUSE, VERGÉ & LENÔTRE AT THE BUFFET TABLE

MODERN LIVING

Ship of Drools

The timeless enticements of a Mediterranean cruise—the visits to fabled isles, the sun and spray, the moonlight murmurings—were not for those aboard the French Line's *Mermoz*. The passengers, in fact, had little stomach for anything but their stomachs; the ship's 470 well-heeled and generally well-fleshed guests had signed up for an ocean voyage dedicated solely to gastronomy.

From the Thursday morning when they embarked, until the following Sunday afternoon when the *Mermoz* returned them to Cannes, they ate and sipped their way through an epicure's dream of meals prepared by four of France's most brilliant chefs. In all, for up to \$900 a stomach, they put away 1,800 bottles of Moët et Chandon 1969 champagne, 4,000 more bottles of red and white wine, 10,000 canapés, 264 lbs. of caviar, 244 lbs. of *foie gras*, one ton of meat, 250 chickens, 250 ducks, 1,322 lbs. of seafood, 1,322 lbs. of vegetables, 25,000 *pâtisseries* and other gastronomical delights in astronomical quantities.

The voyage capped four years of effort by Gourmet-Author Henri Gault (*TIME*, Nov. 19, 1973). Gault and his colleague Christian Millau have become known through their guidebooks and monthly magazine as the evangelists of *la nouvelle cuisine française*, which celebrates practicality and provincial simplicity in reaction against the ornate, heavy, highly stylized *haute cuisine* of French tradition. To make *Mermoz* a ship of drools, Gault lured aboard:

► Paul Bocuse (L'Empereur), 49, owner of a famed restaurant near Lyon, whose leadership of the new cuisine recently earned him the Legion of Honor from President Giscard d'Estaing.

► Michel Guérard, at 41 the youngest of the four, whose two-star Les Prés et les Sources d'Eugénie honors the old cuisine in flavor but not always in calories.

► Gaston Lenôtre, 54, France's dessert-maker *sans pareil* and its leading *traiteur*, a specialist in canapés, sandwiches and salads (he was in charge of all the lunches and desserts).

► Roger Vergé, 45, the fastest rising star of French cooking, whose Moulin de Mougins near Cannes, in a meteoric 5½ year rise, has become one of Michelin's 17 three-star restaurants.

There was never a question of too many chefs spoiling the *mousseline*. True, Bocuse had to send a launch to Sardinia for fresh parsley, and all the chefs had to get used to the ship's electric stove. Nonetheless, though accustomed to serving mass gatherings (80 at most) from a nearby kitchen, the superstars quickly adjusted to mass-feeding with unfamiliar equipment from labyrinthine kitchens as far as seven decks below. The only near disaster came at lunch the first day, when the company hurled itself upon the buffet tables like famished refugees. (Thereafter, lunch was served at guests' tables.)

The 9 p.m. dinners, supervised in turn by Vergé, Guérard and Bocuse, were crowned by such main courses as *fondue de gigot d'agneau aux aubergines*, *volaille de Bresse* and *aiguillette de caneton au vin de Graves*, for a total of 19 courses. Guérard's meal was adjudged the best of the trip by Gault, who gave it 19½ points out of a possible 20. Fortunately, reported *TIME*'s gourmet-on-board, George Taber, dinner was over before a storm hit the Gulf of Genoa, sending many of the guests to their cabins.

Most of the guests, naturally, were French, though Belgium, Spain and West Germany sent contingents; the passenger list also included a smattering of Englishmen, Americans, and a Lebanese who flew from Beirut for the adventure. Instead of retiring to the solarium between meals—though the topless sun bathing rated two stars—most of the gourmets attended gastronomic "forums" where, often heatedly, they discussed such matters of faith as the correct temperature for serving champagne (46°-50° F. v. 50°-54° F.), whether smoking between courses dulls the palate (not at all, said Gault), and why there were not more top women chefs (because, snapped Bocuse, "they always make the same recipe their mother and grandmother and great-grandmother used").

One of the most sought-after experts aboard was Dr. Georges M. Halpern, vice president of France's Société de Gastronomie Médicale, who was perhaps the slimmest man aboard. One of his secrets, he confided, is to eat and make love with equal ardor; although figures differ, Halpern averred that sex on the average consumes 100 calories per minute. On disembarking with his Japanese wife, *le docteur* observed happily that in the course of the cruise he had shed one pound.

Karat Top

When Halston presented his fall collection in Manhattan last week, one model looked as if she dreamed she was at Fort Knox. Clad in long green Ultrasuede evening culottes and a creamy silk shirt open to the waist, she wore for toppers a bra of solid gold mesh. The bra was designed by Italy's Elsa Peretti, who explained: "It is worn as a jewel, it has a good feeling on the body and it is amusing. You can put it in a little bag and take it with you anywhere." For about \$4,000, you can take it out of Tiffany's.

PERETTI'S BRA FOR HALSTON



Imperturbable Innocence

"I have nothing to depend on but the mercy and forgiveness of God," wrote Edward Hicks when the shadow of death was upon him, "for I have no works of righteousness of my own. I am nothing but a poor old worthless insignificant painter." This may be as fine a case of being one's own harshest critic as the annals of American art can offer. When Hicks died in 1849, in his 70th year, more than 3,000 people came to his funeral—an imposing turnout today, but a prodigious crowd then. They did not come to honor an artist, however.

They were paying their respects to the best Quaker preacher in Bucks County, Pa.

Today, that reason for Hicks' fame has utterly vanished. The only people who read his sermons are art historians searching for iconographic clues to his paintings. One example: "Finally, my friends, farewell! May the melancholy be encouraged and the sanguine quieted; may the phlegmatic be tendered and the choleric humbled; may self be denied and the cross of Christ worn as a daily garment; may His peaceable kingdom forever be established in the rational, immortal soul." To Hicks' own mind, the clues were all meant quite literally. In a sermon at Goose Creek Meeting in Virginia, he explained that the traditional four humors common to all mankind can be symbolized by specific beasts: the melancholy humor by the gloomy and avicious wolf, the sanguine by the lustful and volatile leopard, the phlegmatic by the lumbering bear, the choleric by the proud lion. In the Peaceable Kingdom, these beasts would be spir-

itually reborn and would lie down in tranquility with their domestic opposites: the lamb, the kid, the cow, the ox.

Arcadia Restored. The gentle, stiff cadences of Hicks' sermons are at one with the awkwardly tender forms of his paintings: they promise a fulfilled world where the humors are no longer at war, where mind is no longer in conflict with body—in short, an earthly paradise, that fantasy of a prelapsarian Arcadia restored in the wildernesses of the new world. No wonder Hicks looks so quaint in 1975. For 50 years since his "rediscovery," he has been thought to be the best of all American primitive painters whose works survive from the 19th century—not because he was a great instinctive draftsman like the Douanier Rousseau but because his whole way of

imagining the world derives from a hope about human nature that is peculiarly and particularly American. If that view—along with the religious view that supported it—is now nearly as dead as the moon, it remains an aspiration that Americans cherish. Both to celebrate and remind, in this Bicentennial era, the Andrew Crispo gallery in New York is opening this week a major exhibition of Hicks' paintings, a collection of 37, about a third of his surviving works.

Hicks had a difficult upbringing. His father was a Crown official in Pennsylvania who lost his fortune after the British defeat. His mother died before he

tavern signs, carriage decorations and furniture. In 1825, when he was 45, his faith and his painting skills found common ground. He would paint his (and the Quaker) vision of the Peaceable Kingdom. In this vision, Quaker Leader William Penn became the epitome of the peacemaker, specifically in his act of making a treaty of friendship with the Delaware Indians in 1682.

A Man Obsessed. Hicks painted such scenes over and over—there are some 60 known versions. While the peaceful animals dominate the foreground, Penn usually appears in the distance, negotiating with Indian chiefs.

This portrait of Penn and the Indians actually derived from Benjamin West's painting of the same scene more than 50 years earlier. But simple reality meant little to Hicks—he was a man obsessed with his utopia. Sometimes Hicks places this utopia in an imaginary place, sometimes at Virginia's Natural Bridge (which Hicks never saw but adopted from an engraving), or the Delaware Water Gap (which he may not have seen either). He certainly had never seen the grave of his idol William Penn, who was eventually buried at Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, 30 miles northwest of London. With typical disregard for mere historical fact, Hicks has substituted a hedge for the wall that surrounds the burying ground. But then, Hicks has no great interest in natural fact either. The "elm" under which Penn was supposed to have made his deal with the Indians conforms to no botanical index and varies from painting to painting as it suits Hicks' compositional purposes.

Even his image of peace was not wholly consonant with his own way of life. He himself was quick-tempered, contentious (in those days the Quakers were divided into two hostile factions on a question of impenetrable ecclesiastical complexity), and this contentiousness is reflected in the portrait of him done by his cousin and pupil, Thomas Hicks, then aged only 16.

Taken coldly, Hicks is not a great painter, not even a very good one. His lions were tabby cats. He could never manage to get that "little child who shall lead them" to get her feet on the ground—she floats like a misplaced cherub from some Italian fresco. But there remains an imperturbable innocence, a kind of faith in a land that never was and can never be, that disarms all criticism and inspires a belief in the unbelievable. ■ Robert Hughes

ABBY ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER FOLK ART COLLECTION, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.



EDWARD HICKS BY THOMAS HICKS
Out of uncertainty, a floating vision.

was two. Hicks was consigned to the care of a Quaker farmer named Twining (one of his best paintings is an evocation in retrospect of the old Twining farm). At 13 he was apprenticed to a coachmaker: a coarse life in which he was, as he later lamented, "introduced by lechers and debauchees into the worst of company and places." One Sunday morning, suffering from a bad hangover, he blundered into a Quaker meeting-house and shortly thereafter joined the faith. He was 23 and very uncertain.

One day he rose in a meeting (in the Quaker meeting, a member is expected to speak only when he feels "moved"), and his speech was so exalted that the congregation declared he should speak in other places to spread the Quaker word. He did. But he continued to make his living as a painter of



"The Grave of William Penn," circa 1847



"A Peacable Kingdom," circa 1835

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THE SEXES

Assignment: Assertion

The supervisor strolled casually over to one of the secretaries. "Do me a favor, will you? Stop by the bank on your lunch hour to pay my phone bill—and still get back on time." Coolly, with only a flicker of hesitation, the secretary answered: "Look, I love working with you, but I feel very strongly that people in secretarial positions should not be asked to do personal favors for their bosses."

Such a rejoinder would not be universally applauded. But students observing the mock confrontation in Washington, D.C., considered the answer perfect. The scene was staged during a ten-week course called "Assertiveness Training," the most popular offering in



DRAWING BY GEO. PRICE © 1981 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"I did shout for help, but the tide of battle suddenly changed in my favor, thank you."

George Washington University's division of continuing education for women. Taught by Psychologist Roland Tanck, the program is one of hundreds of "assertiveness" courses that have recently sprung up at universities and counseling centers.

Though some of the courses are geared toward both sexes, most concentrate on women. "Traditionally, women have been unassertive," explains Psychologist Arthur Lange, who teaches a course to overcome the problem at the Counseling Center of Southern Illinois University at Carbondale. "They have played the roles men and society have given them rather than seeking their own." Women's liberation, he points out, has thrust them into new roles without giving them the skills to play them.

Non-assertiveness takes a variety of

forms. Judith Jones, a graduate of a Manhattan course, points out: "I was the kind of person who was grateful for every promotion I got, when actually, goddammit, I had earned them." Stanlee Phelps, a psychiatric social worker who helps to teach courses at a community health center in Thousand Oaks, Calif., says: "You wouldn't believe the degree of non-assertiveness we've found at the start of our classes: divorced women who continue to do their ex-husbands' laundry, fearing that they will lose their support money if they refuse; wives who sit quietly while their husbands blame recessionary business slumps directly on them." In one of the many new books on the subject, *The Assertive Woman* (Impact), Phelps and Co-Teacher Nancy Austin note that women are victims of the "compassion trap"—the need to serve others and provide tenderness and compassion at all times.

As the classes progress, the women discuss their problems and act out some hypothetical conflicts, like dealing with an overpassionate boyfriend or an excessively demanding boss. They practice refusing a request by using some techniques already familiar to other women who, though unschooled in the art, are naturally talented in assertiveness. When the asker is especially persistent, for example, the women may use the "broken record" technique: a simple, repeated no. Another favorite of assertiveness teachers is "fogging"—saying no while generously agreeing with one's adversary. ("I'm sure that as you say, I need these encyclopedias. But I'm not buying them anyway.")

Traumatic Results. Some instructors give homework assignments. Phelps and Austin tell their students to ask for only 50 cents' worth of gas at the filling station, then demand that the attendant wash the car windows. Or they suggest that students request a demonstration of a product in a department store and then walk away without buying.

Results of the courses can be traumatic, especially at home. As they gain new assertiveness, some women vent their pent-up anger on their husbands or boyfriends. In a few cases, such emotions have triggered divorces. Psychologist Lange, for one, warns women of the hazards at the start of his course, and will even talk with husbands if trouble develops. "Sudden changes in behavior," he warns, "can be dangerous."

Nevertheless, the vast majority of women seem to enjoy their new selves. A number of students have asked for and received promotions or raises or embarked on new careers. The most surprising impact may be on Teacher Tanck, who is basically shy. "The class really needs a showman," he says self-deprecatingly. "But they are working on me. I'm getting more assertive."

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They passed strict new fire-safety ordinances. They tore down blocks of dilapidated buildings and, by law, desig-

nated that new buildings must have either fire detection devices or automatic sprinkler systems.

Winston-Salem has also utilized manpower more effectively. For example, instead of having five men manning a fire station, they have three, with the other two cruising, looking for potential fire hazards and performing police functions. In case of fire, of course, they are quickly dispatched to the scene.

Norman Pomrenke, Director of Public Safety, comments on the city's unique achievement: "We've been bombarded with inquiries from all over the country. We're proud to help show the way to reduced fire loss."



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The giant map behind Fire Chief Paul Crim, along with elaborate computer data, can instantly describe potential fire-fighting conditions in 91 different areas of the city.

Schanberg's Score

From the beginning, Cambodia was Sydney Schanberg's story. He had covered the country's often baffling civil war from its first days in 1970 for the *New York Times*, and he was determined not to miss its end. Ignoring his editors' orders to leave Phnom-Penh last month, he chose to stay behind to report the city's fall. Last week Schanberg's considerably risky decision paid off impressively. Having emerged at the Thailand border after 17 days of suspenseful silence, he filed a remarkable retrospective on the Communist takeover that filled more than two pages in the *Times* and supplied the first really close look at Cambodia's extraordinary peasant revolution (see THE WORLD).

Schanberg, 41, learned the extent of the personal risk he had taken on the very first day of the Communist takeover. When he and some other journalists went to observe the grisly conditions at the city's largest civilian hospital, they were stopped by Khmer Rouge troops. "They put guns to our heads and, shouting angrily, threatened us with execution," Schanberg reported. "We thought we were finished." Luckily Dieth Pran, a Cambodian employee of the *Times*, was able to talk the troops into freeing them. Schanberg got back to the Hotel Le Phnom just as it was being invaded by troops; he packed his bags and sprinted to the French embassy compound—his home for the next 13 days.

As many as 1,300 refugees were crowded into the compound, and it was not long before many of the foreigners

began squabbling over the little food and few comforts available. That dissension continued up to the end of their three-day journey by truck to Thailand. Concluded Schanberg: "If the Communists were looking for reasons to expel us as unfit and unsuited to live in a simple Asian society, we gave them ample demonstration."

Last Convoy. After Schanberg reached Thailand, he sat down at a typewriter at the *Times* office in Bangkok and emptied his notebooks for 19 hours. He and other journalists in the first group to reach the border had agreed to embargo their reports until the last convoy of foreigners entered Thailand. Patrice de Beer of France's *Le Monde* broke the embargo, as did a number of other European journalists, but their reports did not begin to compare in volume, drama or detail with Schanberg's.

The day before Schanberg broke his silence, Revolutionary Government officials in South Viet Nam lifted their news blackout, and reports of relative calm in Saigon began trickling out from some of the 120 remaining foreign journalists in that city. There were no *Times* men among them. The paper's editors had made sure that its Saigon correspondents had not missed the evacuation there. "If we had to do it again tomorrow," said Assistant Managing Editor Seymour Topping last week, "we would say the same thing to Sydney. We would tell him to guard his personal safety above all." Yet, Topping added: "We understand what his compulsion was, and we wished him well. Sydney is not a novice; he is a professional."

Schanberg left Bangkok to join his family in Singapore late last week. A 16-year veteran of the *Times* who spent two years as Albany bureau chief before going to New Delhi in 1969, Harvardman ('55) Schanberg is due to report this summer for a new assignment as the *Times's* Warsaw correspondent. He is known to have been bitterly disappointed that his coverage of the 1972 India-Pakistan war did not win a Pulitzer Prize, and determined to win one for his Cambodia reporting. "An entire country was turned upside down and restructured by new rulers," Schanberg told TIME. "It was a spectacle of such proportions and such rarity that I would not hesitate to say for it again."

The Quiet Pulitzer

The Pulitzer Prizes somehow continue to maintain their carefully nurtured reputation as journalism's highest honor. Yet in recent years the annual awards have often generated more controversy than kudos. The Columbia University Board of Trustees, which oversees the selection process, publicly chastised its own Pulitzer advisory board

two years ago for honoring the *New York Times's* disclosure of the Pentagon papers and Jack Anderson for his columns on Washington's "tilt" toward Pakistan during the India-Pakistan war. Last year, when the *Providence Journal-Bulletin's* Jack White gained a prize for revealing Richard Nixon's minimal income taxes, the trustees were upset again: they felt that publication of the former President's leaked tax returns was "Xerox-journalism."

This year the trustees decided to forgo further trouble. They turned their power of final approval or disapproval of the awards over to Columbia President William J. McGill. It was an unnecessary cop-out. Apparently sensitive to past criticism, the 14 journalists and publishers on the Pulitzer board seemed to go out of their way to overlook a President's resignation, the CIA revelations, gathering disaster in Indochina and complex Middle East diplomacy in an effort to find relatively noncontroversial subjects for their awards for 1974.

Spies and Taxes. The quiet approach was most visible in the prize for national reporting. Many veteran Pulitzer watchers had placed their bets on the *Times's* Seymour Hersh for his series on the CIA's involvement in domestic spying, which led to the establishment of a presidential investigatory commission. But the Pulitzer board dropped Hersh (along with 16 other entries) in the third round of voting; according to one member, the *Times* had presented Hersh's material in an "overwritten, overplayed and underproven" manner. The winner: a series by the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* Donald L. Barlett, 38, and James B. Steele, 32, exposing inequities in application of the tax laws.

Other awards also seemed to reflect an effort to avoid controversy. The prize for international reporting went to a five-part series in the *Chicago Tribune* written by William Mullen, 30, and photographed by Ovie Carter, 29, on famine in Africa and India. The *Boston Globe* won the gold medal for public service for its "massive and balanced" coverage of the school busing crisis. The Pulitzer for editorial writing went to John Daniell Maurice of the *Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail* for his calming editorials on the textbook controversy in the state's Kanawha County.

The Pulitzer board's only recognition of the major news events of last year was the deserved award to the Washington *Star's* syndicated columnist Mary McGrory, 57, for her etched-in-acid running commentary on Watergate.

*Among the nonjournalistic winners: Playwright Edward Albee for his drama *Seascape*; Novelist Michael Shaara for his book *The Killer Angels*; Biographer Robert A. Caro for his epic *The Power Broker*; Robert Muen and the *Fall of New York*; and Historian Dumas Malone for his first five volumes of *Jefferson and His Times*.

SCHANBERG (RIGHT) WITH REBEL OFFICER





BARBARA WALTERS INTERVIEWING KISSINGER AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT

Henry in the Morning

Nearly a year ago, Henry Kissinger promised to give his next televised interview to NBC's Barbara Walters. Yet every time the tigress of the *Today* show tried to collect, some international crisis intervened. "I kept trying to find out when, when, when," she recalls. Last week she found out. Kissinger agreed to sit still for more than an hour in the State Department's handsome Madison Room, and chunks of Walters' revealing taped interview with him appeared on *Today* for four consecutive mornings.

The interview was taped only four days after the Communist takeover in Saigon. Although Kissinger's aides suggested that his aim was "to make foreign policy understandable," he quite clearly had a second purpose: to show that the Secretary of State was alive and well and not (as some reports have had it) dejected by recent diplomatic setbacks. In fact, while Kissinger was voluble and engaging at times, especially toward the end of the session, at other points he seemed ponderous and even petulant. Fairly typically, one longtime Kissinger-watcher, Brown University Historian Stephen Graubard, judged it "not a vintage" performance.

Kissinger did manage to make some news, however. For the first time in public, he blamed Israeli intransigence for the collapse of peace negotiations in the Middle East. He admitted that "we probably made a mistake in Viet Nam to turn Viet Nam into a test case for our policy." He intimated that the U.S. may recognize the government of North Viet Nam before long, and he disclosed that the U.S. has made a number of recent diplomatic overtures to Cuba. With some heat, he denied reports that he was about to resign: "To leave in a period of turmoil, when people are looking for a sense of direction and when foreign nations are watching us—I think it would not be a service to the country."

Walters has now had Kissinger on the tube almost often enough to constitute a Henry-Barbara show. In 1970 she contrived to get Kissinger out of the White House basement for his first major televised session with any journalist. She also had him all to herself for half an hour of prime time following the Paris peace agreement in 1973. The two have in fact been fairly close ever since they met at a party five years ago. Walters tried not to let that friendship mar her reputation as a tough interrogator last week. Most of her questions were thoughtful and to the point, though she did not press Kissinger about his displeasure with the Israelis or probe his contention that Congress is largely to blame for South Viet Nam's fall. At one point, when Kissinger rephrased—and defanged—a Walters query about the validity of the domino theory, she cooed, "I like your questions much better than mine. They are clearer."

Castro's Call. Even before the first part of the Kissinger interview was shown last week, Walters was on her way to Cuba with 14 other reporters and Senator George McGovern, who had been invited there for an audience with Premier Fidel Castro. The Premier asked for "Barbara" by name when he first met the group, and she accompanied him on a Jeep tour of the countryside. Her filmed reports on Castro also appeared on *Today*.

Walters' drawing power has helped her outlast such quondam rivals as Sally Quinn, who last year returned to her old job as a *Washington Post* reporter after an unhappy stint on the CBS *Morning News*, and ABC's Stephanie Edwards, who is stepping down this week as cohost of *AM America*. Walters' program now draws almost twice as many viewers as the other two morning shows combined. As long as she can offer the likes of Henry Kissinger and Fidel Castro in a single week, *Today* and its leading lady will continue their reign.

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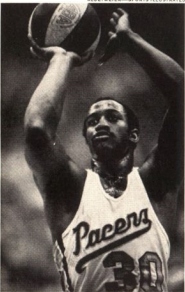
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Big Mac

May is Indy 500 month in Indianapolis. With drivers revving up to shoot for record 200-m.p.h. laps in trials last week and the Speedway crowd already filling downtown hotels, it was a marvel that any other sport made the local papers, let alone the front page. But there, smack on page one of the Indianapolis *News*—for five consecutive days—was a series on basketball. The subject: Indiana Pacer Forward George McGinnis, known to the 17,000 fans who have been packing Pacer games recently as "Big Mac," "Baby Bull," or just plain "McGinnis the Magnificent."

The nicknames may not be surprising for someone who stands 6 ft. 8 in.

KLUTWEIN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



McGINNIS TAKING A SHOT
Finesse as well as force.

and weighs in at a taut 235 lbs. But McGinnis has earned them all. He has carried the young, inexperienced Pacers to the final round of the A.B.A. playoffs that begin this week against the Kentucky Colonels. At the same time, recruiters from the New York Knicks and Philadelphia 76ers are trying to lure him to the N.B.A. With good reason: Big Mac, 24, is rapidly becoming known as the most valuable forward in basketball.

With the sinewy shoulders of a tight end, the arms of a shotputter and the catquick moves of a guard, McGinnis is virtually unstoppable on the court. Certainly no one could contain him this year; he finished the regular season as the A.B.A.'s leading scorer (29.8 points per game), second leading ball thief (2.6 steals), third leading playmaker (6.3 assists) and fifth leading rebounder (14.3 per game). He charges around the court

so hard that he sometimes bursts the seams of his size 14½ sneakers. During a recent game with the Denver Nuggets, officials had to stop play for 20 minutes while workmen replaced a steel rim that McGinnis had bent out of shape with one of his slamming dunk shots.

When he is not twisting rims, McGinnis is usually bending other players. "I like physical contact," he says. "I like to take smaller guys inside where I know I can overpower them." When you collide with McGinnis, says Pacer Reserve Forward Darnell Hillman, "you wonder whether you've run into the backboard support." When finesse rather than force is required, McGinnis is equipped for that too. He has a graceful, accurate jump shot that he puts to good use for the A.B.A.'s 3-point baskets from 25 ft. out, and he often dribbles the ball the length of the court to set up the offense. Indeed, his only weakness is a penchant for drawing offensive fouls.

The soft-spoken, easygoing son of an Indianapolis construction worker, McGinnis learned his basketball on a dusty playground not far from the one where former N.B.A. Superstar Oscar Robertson honed his game. He went to the Pacers after only two years at Indiana University, and has learned to enjoy the amenities that come with his \$200,000 annual salary: a three-bedroom bachelor apartment, a stable of four show horses, a red Jaguar and a 19-ft. Chris-Craft.

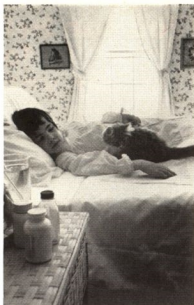
McGinnis professes to be "happy in Indianapolis," but he will be free to move on when his contract expires at the end of the season. "If Philly or New York offers more," he concedes, "I wouldn't hesitate to leave."

The Cubs Come Back

In the preseason prognostications, the Chicago Cubs were the only team in the National League East given no chance whatsoever to top the division. How could they? In a frenzy of house cleaning after the disappointing fifth-place 1973 season, exasperated Owner Phil Wrigley had traded away his strongest players like so many bubble-gum cards: slugging Third Baseman Ron Santo, All-Star Second Baseman Glenn Beckert and the team's longtime pitching ace, Ferguson Jenkins. Result: the Cubs toppled into last place in 1974. Wrigley's response: last winter he unloaded lifetime .296 Hitter Billy Williams to the Oakland A's for three little-used players.

Did that mean one more season of misery? Apparently not. After losing on opening day, the Cubs won their next seven games. They have been in first place ever since, piling up the lushest team batting average in the majors (.280).

Much of the Cubs' unexpected



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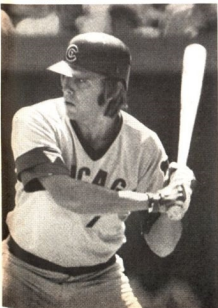
SPORT

punch is coming from two relatively recent acquisitions: Leftfielder José Cardenal and Centerfielder Rick Monday. The ebullient Cardenal, who played solidly but unspectacularly for four major league teams before coming to the Cubs from Milwaukee three seasons ago, has been peppering pitchers with line drives and was hitting a potent .363 last week. Monday, signed by A's Owner Charlie Finley with a much publicized \$100,000 bonus ten years ago and traded to Chicago in 1971, is finally playing up to his early promise. The clubhouse jester and clean-up hitter was batting .337. Not far behind at .321 was Manny Trillo, a surprisingly effective second baseman acquired last winter in the trade for Williams.

Hitting has not been the Cubs' only strength. A year ago the team had the worst fielding record in the league; now it has a sure-handed outfield, as well as a first-class double-play combination. With some intensive tutoring by low-key Manager Jim Marshall, a former major league first baseman who took over the Cubs midway into last season, Chicago fielders are no longer making careless errors.

There are also fewer mistakes on the mound. In fact, the major reason for the Cubs' turnaround is former Oakland Reliever Darold Knowles, who has given the team an injection of confidence. "On the A's, we knew we would win," says Knowles. "I've told the guys here to think the same way." No one has practiced the philosophy better than Steve Stone, a scholarly righthander (Kent State, '69) who publishes poetry and helps manage three restaurants in his spare time. Coming off a mediocre performance last season, Stone is already 4-0 this year and sports a miserly 1.45 ERA. How far can he and the new 1975 Cubs go? The pennant still seems a long shot. But then, a month ago, so did first place.

RICK MONDAY AT BAT



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MINDSZENTY AT 1949 TRIAL

A Life Alone

His haggard face gave vivid evidence that he had been harshly treated. But even then, a shocked world could hardly imagine what had been done to make so proud and stubborn a man as József Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, stand in the dock and drone out a confession to patently false charges of treason and conspiracy. Only when he published his *Memoirs* late last year did he provide a full account of how Communist police had broken his spirit. For five weeks he was harangued, stripped naked, kept forcibly awake, drugged and thrashed endlessly with a rubber truncheon until "without knowing what had happened to me, I had become a different person."

Days Endured. Mindszenty, who had spoken out against the Communists as early as 1919 (and who had also been imprisoned by the Nazis) received a life sentence at that 1949 trial. Except for a few days of liberty during the 1956 freedom fighters' uprising, he was to spend the next 22 years either in prison cells, under house arrest, or in asylum in the U.S. embassy in Budapest. Many of those thousands of days were endured with little or no contact with other human beings.

The most poignant chapter of Mindszenty's life began when he was finally freed in 1971. The cardinal had long refused to leave Hungary unless the government exonerated him of all charges. It was only at the insistence of Pope Paul VI and the urging of President Nixon, who both wanted to improve East-West relations, that Mindszenty agreed to go. Even then, according to his own account, he refused to accept a church document specifying that he would make no statements to disturb détente.

When Mindszenty began criticizing conditions in Hungary, a papal nuncio reminded him of a Vatican promise to the Communists that the cardinal would accept the Pope's guidance and not disrupt church relations with the Hungarian regime—a condition to which Mindszenty said he never agreed. Mindszenty told the Vatican that "I shrank from the thought of having to keep silent in the free world." As a result—on the 25th anniversary of the day Mindszenty's trial ended—Pope Paul stripped him of his episcopal office. To Mindszenty, it meant "complete and total exile."

A farmer's son, Mindszenty had always been stubborn, and Pope Pius XII may have been relying on that quality in 1945 when he made Mindszenty the highest-ranking bishop in a nation on the brink of a Communist takeover. Weeks later, Mindszenty and his bishops issued a pre-election pastoral letter urging Christians to vote against parties that used "violence and oppression." The Communists drew a dismal 17% of the vote, and when he persisted in opposition while they consolidated their power, the cardinal's fate was certain.

Last week, when Mindszenty died in Vienna at 83, Pope Paul said of the man he had dismissed: "He was and certainly will continue to be a contradictory figure, the object of veneration and of violent attacks."

Polygamy in the Desert

Utah's Founding Father Brigham Young had 27 wives, but his Mormon Church banned polygamy in 1890 by "revelation"—after losing several U.S. Supreme Court cases. Just last year Mormon President Spencer Kimball warned that "the Lord brought an end to this program many decades ago." That di-

vine word has not reached everyone. There are some 35,000 heretical Mormons in the U.S. and Mexico who still practice polygamy.

This underground activity burst into public notice this spring when pistol-packing ex-Marine Alexander Joseph, 39, led 12 of his wives and 15 other families—all members of Joseph's Church of Jesus Christ of Solemn Assembly—to establish a settlement on a 2,000-acre tract of federal land in southern Utah. Before the Bureau of Land Management began proceedings to evict them, they had put up ten buildings, started a dam and planted vegetables. A federal court is now deciding whether they are homesteaders or simply squatters.

Legal Buffer. Joseph talks of his "church" as a "legal buffer" against prosecution, but he gets a low rating as a religious patriarch, even from Osteopath Rulon Allred, founder of the polygamous Montana community where Joseph once lived. Says Allred: "He used the doctrine of plural marriage to justify conduct not acceptable to the priesthood." Indeed, Joseph has acquired his 15 wives (who now have five children) rather casually. "I decided to marry Judy after 15 minutes," he says, "and I asked Paulette [age 16] after 29 hours." The obedient wives, most of whom work as waitresses in Joseph's nearby Red Desert Inn, profess to believe in the Josephian faith. Says Joni, who turned down a \$6,000 National Merit scholarship to marry him: "Polygamy provides the sense of fulfillment I never experienced at the First Baptist Church in Billings." Although polygamy is illegal, authorities have trouble prosecuting it. Says Kane County Sheriff Norman Swapp: "Sure it's against the law, but I can't even prove he's married to all those women."

CHURCH FOUNDER ALEXANDER JOSEPH WITH AN ASSORTMENT OF HIS WIVES & CHILDREN





ROBERT & SUZANNE MASSIE



BOBBY MASSIE AT AGE TEN

Blood Will Tell

JOURNEY

by ROBERT MASSIE and SUZANNE MASSIE
417 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

Of the several million people round the world who read Robert Massie's *Nicholas and Alexandra*, few failed to be impressed by the author's empathetic handling of hemophilia. The disease, characterized by uncontrolled bleeding, threatened the life of the young Czarévitch, made the lives of his father and mother into a nightmare, and helped lead to the fall of the Romanov family. By dealing with the Czar and Czarina as distraught parents, the book transformed them from foolish pawns of history into figures of personal tragedy.

No one who reads *Journey*, which Massie has just written with his wife Suzanne, is likely to wonder at the source of Massie's sensitivity. In 1957, the Massies took their six-month-old son Bobby to a New York hospital for tests to determine why he bruised so easily and bled so long. They waited for hours while uncommunicative doctors and nurses examined and drew blood from the screaming, terrified baby. Finally, a doctor emerged and coldly offered them a dreadful diagnosis and an ambiguous afterthought. "The child has classical hemophilia," he told them. "There will be compensations, you may be sure."

Enduring Courage. The compensations have been a long time in coming. Hemophilia is a devastating and in many ways ill-understood disease. Those afflicted by it usually have to fight it on their own and with inadequate weapons. *Journey* is the story of the Massies' struggle, which so far has been successful. The chapters written by Robert

tend to deal with technical details. Suzanne concentrates on her personal anguish and the years of caring for Bobby. If she sometimes seems to overwrite, the book proves how thoroughly she has earned the right to do so. Her descriptions of the emotional and physiological effects of hemophilia on exhausted parents, as well as children, are heart-rending. Its portrait of Bobby Massie's enduring courage and the decency and devotion of those who helped him makes *Journey* a remarkable human document. Beyond that, the Massies' analysis of how the disease is handled and mishandled by American medicine is a model of reportorial precision and reformist zeal.

Hemophilia is thought of as a disease of the monarchy because England's Queen Victoria, a carrier, passed the trait along to some of her children and had two granddaughters marry respectively a Romanov and Spanish Habsburg. Yet the disease is anything but royal and far from rare. It affects one out of every 20,000 males and can strike anyone—even those with no previous hemophilia history—who inherits the genetic defect preventing the production of certain blood fractions involved in the clotting process. Hemophiliacs do not bleed more easily than others; they merely bleed longer. They do not die from pinpricks or cut fingers. What hemophiliacs fear more than knives or scissors are the internal hemorrhages that can cripple and destroy joints, ruin the brain, or, if uncontrolled, kill. More than half of all hemophiliacs die before the age of five. Even with regular transfusions of the missing fractions, only 11% live to age 21.

Once they knew the diagnosis, the Massies, like most parents in their sit-

uation, watched anxiously as their son bumped into furniture. (Suzanne remembers realizing, after she had swathed their entire apartment, that there was no way to pad the whole world.) Inevitably, the growing boy fell and suffered the agonies of internal bleeding and of constantly necessary blood transfusions. The parents blamed themselves whenever he was hurt. At times, the burden became unbearable. Robert Massie confesses how relieved he felt when his job (at *Newsweek* and later the *Saturday Evening Post*) legitimately took him away from home, freeing him briefly from his continuing responsibility. Suzanne admits that she once considered suicide and writes: "A person living with hemophilia can become paralyzed with fright, like a rat in a maze who has met with an electric shock at every innocent-looking exit until finally he simply turns frantically in circles, afraid to try any more doors."

Swallowed Pride. The Massies display touching and deep appreciation for those who helped them escape from this paralysis—among them the doctor who defied tradition to teach them how to handle Bobby's transfusions at home and the calm Russian princess, now living in a New York suburb, who had played as a child with her hemophilic cousin, the doomed Czarevitch Alexis. But the book does not mince words about the American medical system, which tends to hinder rather than help hemophiliacs. The Massies' anger is understandable. American blood bankers, by and large, have done little to bring down the cost of the blood fractions that hemophiliacs must have. The American Red Cross, which collects 40% of all the blood in the U.S., has in fact lately agreed to turn over some of its blood to the Hyland Division of Baxter Laboratories, a commercial concern that charges twice as much for the hemophilic fractions as some doctors say it should cost. "I understand your concern," a company official told Robert Massie. "but my sales people are always against lowering prices. Remember, I have to think of their too."

Bobby Massie is more fortunate than most hemophiliacs. His parents were not wealthy, but they were determined. They swallowed their pride and ran campaigns to collect the blood he needed, pleading with friends, relatives and even strangers for donations of the vital fluid. (The problem, writes Robert, was not in being grateful, but in having to be grateful: "Nobody likes to beg for charity. And begging for blood is just as hard, maybe harder, than begging for money.") They concealed their fears and sent him to school, then hid their hurt when his classmates called him "leath-erlegs" because he wore padded braces to support his swollen knees.

The result of their efforts—and courage—is obvious. Young Massie, now 18, is a freshman at Princeton. The dis-

Crispina found a friend

One who is helping her survive



Crispina Aguilar's case is typical.

Her father works long hours as a share-cropper despite a chronic pulmonary condition that saps his strength. Her mother takes in washing whenever she can. Until recently, the total income of this family of six was about \$13.00 a month. Small wonder that they were forced to subsist on a diet of unpolished rice, swamp cabbage, and tiny fish the children seine from a nearby river.

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BOOKS

case has permanently damaged his knees, and he must use an electric cart to get around at college. But he has served as an aide to Scoop Jackson in the Senate, learned to fly, swims more than 1,500 yds. a day in college, working out regularly with the swimming team. *Journey* makes hauntingly clear that Bobby's spirit is intact. In a post-script the boy rejects the suggestion, sometimes made to him, that his ordeal has been a blessing in disguise. But he writes, "If having vanquished braces, bleeding, pain, self-consciousness, boredom, and depression, I have not added in any way to my appreciation of this life that has been given me, then that indeed would be a misfortune to be pitied." ■ Peter Stoler

Less Joy

COME OUT TO PLAY
by ALEX COMFORT
182 pages, Crown, \$7.95.

Down but not out in Paris, Dr. George Goggins and his mistress Dulcinea decide to found a sex clinic for dissatisfied couples. Why not? Goggins is a biologist specializing in human fertility, and Dulcinea is—well, skilled and nubile. Before they can say *Kama Sutra*, a throng of tense American and English twosomes have assembled for lessons. Soon odd things are happening. The shrill, squeaky voices of the wives turn push and throaty. The husbands, mostly NATO officials, lose their interest in rocketry and war. One way and another, their marriages bloom as never before.

After rejuvenating the wedded bliss of a couple very high in the English establishment, Goggins is rewarded with a title, an honorary degree from Oxford, and enough sex-education projects to make him rich for life. Oddly, something very like this improbable conclusion has happened to Goggins' creator—Alex Comfort, 55, a writer-biologist-philosopher of some note, whose useful work on the aging process was carried out in modest obscurity until he unleashed *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy* (TIME, Oct. 7) upon the do-it-by-the-book decade. Odder still, Comfort published *Come Out to Play* in England in 1961, long before he emerged as the Baedeker of bodily contact.

Fruit Flies. "The book," says Comfort, sounding more and more like a sociologist, "started to be simply a comic novel. I think now it was the manifesto of which *The Joy of Sex* commences the implementation." To have read *Come Out to Play* is like having witnessed an apple fall on Sir Isaac Newton's head: a ho-hum incident at the time but noteworthy in hindsight. As a sex book without a single sex scene, it is a tame reminder of how things have changed since 1961. And as the story of a sex clinic conceived before the advent of Masters and Johnson, it is a fine instance of

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BOOKS

low-grade art that life so often shamelessly imitates.

Time has been considerably kinder to Comfort's ideas than to *Come Out to Play*. Its fey style and potty names (Fossil-Fundament, Sir Frank Pus) seem as ephemeral as fruit flies. Worse, Goggin's description of monogamous marriage as the act of buying "meat in unopened cans" is enough to make celibate vegetarianism seem downright appealing.

■ Paul Gray

Means and Extremes

DEAR AMERICA

by KARL HESS

279 pages, Morrow, \$7.95.

Back in 1964, Karl Hess was a true believer of the right. As a speechwriter, aide and ideologue to Presidential Candidate Barry Goldwater, he packaged the slogan that may have helped lose the campaign: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." Today, at 51, Hess is a welder. He now opposes war, government in general and most U.S. Government activities. He has become, in fact, an anarchist and a tax resister. As much out of sheer angry cussedness as conviction, he admits, he refused to pay the Internal Revenue Service a penny in 1966; nor has he given them any money since then. The IRS, in response, slapped a 100% lien on any money Hess earns and any property or savings he may have. So Hess lives mainly by barter, trading his welding skill directly for food, clothing and shelter.

St. Paul was blasted from his horse and converted to Christianity by a bolt of lightning and a deep voice on the road to Damascus. In a more American epiphany, Hess was converted by the deep-throated roar of a motorcycle. Many middle-aged men take up cycling—as Hess did in 1965. Mostly what they get is kidney trouble, pavement burns and a chance to act out a few fantasies. As Hess tells it in *Dear America*, he got secular religion. The need to repair the machines he wrecked led him to welding and, finally, to working as a welder of trucks and construction equipment. "It was there, under trucks, inside buckets, working hard," he writes, "that I faced the final contradictions, the ones that ended any hope of anything in my life ever being quite the same again."

Radiant Vision. Hess's life is indeed different, but his extremist way of thinking has not changed. He has no use for either of the major political parties, for it has been revealed to him that liberals as well as conservatives believe in "the concentration of power in the fewest practical hands." He was once one of American business's staunchest supporters; now, in a paraphrase of Proudhon, he writes, "Corporate capi-

talism is an act of theft" because "a very few live very high off the work, invention and creativity of very many others." Hess does not buy state socialism either, regarding it as "an act of betrayal... by bureaucrats who have contrived a new synthesis of capitalism's obsessive bookkeeping with feudalism's top-down, absolute authority." Having thus disposed of today's major isms, what Hess does advocate is a free society in which people, without any help from city hall or Congress, organize at a local level to run their own schools, businesses and neighborhoods. Writes Hess: "I want to live in a community where decent human beings all will practice those skills which all may possess in common, truthfulness, consideration of others, a sense of proportion in undertakings and in ambitions and the various human traits associated with deep love of

own anything," he explains in a soft voice. "Those IRS people are like a gang of thugs." His first marriage, which produced two sons, ended in divorce in 1967. Now he lives with his second wife, Freelance Editor-Artist Therese Machotka, in a three-room flat over a store in a racially mixed Washington, D.C., neighborhood. He exudes what a friend has described as "the ethereal, inexplicable cheerfulness of a nun scrubbing floors."

A big (5 ft. 11 in., 210 lbs.), barrel-chested man, whose post-Republican beard lends him a faint resemblance to Fidel Castro, Hess spends most of his days in the warehouse that contains the office of Community Technology Inc., the self-help organization for which he serves as unpaid project coordinator. Surrounded by posters of Russian Anarchist Mikhail Bakunin, Mexican Peasant Leader Emiliano Zapata and Revolutionary Pamphleteer Tom Paine (all of whom he admires "because they kept on doing their own sticky things until the world changed"), Hess pursues a variety of projects that more than make up in imagination what they may lack in immediate applicability.

One aims at promoting neighborhood self-sufficiency by teaching inner-city people how to raise organically grown vegetables. Another project involves construction of solar-powered hot-water heaters on apartment roofs. A third seeks to increase food supplies by teaching people to raise fish at home. "It's protein," says Hess, pointing to a tank full of tiny rainbow trout. "You can trade them or sell them."

True Believer. Hess's nonconformist life-style leaves him plenty of time for thinking and writing. He offers no excuses for his philosophical flip-flop, which he sees as a natural response to the growth of big government in America. "It's not just the war," he says. "I'm as opposed to the welfare state as I am to the warfare state. The Government is doing everything that the Declaration of Independence said you should resist," he says. Like the British, the Government "is sending hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance."

It is one of Hess's articles of faith that the Government should be radically reduced as well as reorganized. "I also think the public school system is a failure and prudent people should abandon it." Not by violence, however. Anarchists like the 19th century Frenchmen François Ravachol, and Edouard Vaillant who tossed a bomb into the National Assembly, assumed that bombs and bullets would be necessary to free mankind. Hess, who has been arrested three times for participating in an anti-war demonstration, is willing to forgo force in favor of example. Like many a true believer, he is convinced that the world is changing in his direction. Says he, with a smile: "You'll be here with me sooner or later."

■ P.S.



KARL HESS

As cheerful as a nun scrubbing floors.

another and an abiding respectful sense of self."

This radiant vision has long tormented man, and it is quite possible that big government and big business are not the best means to pursue it. In *Dear America*, Hess often seems possessed of a belief in the perfectibility of human nature that is as simplistic as his Goldwater conservatism—but, like the faith of most converts, totally sincere. As TIME Correspondent Arthur White learned when he visited Hess recently, the man seems to be practicing the classical, nonviolent anarchism he advocates. Hess owns little more than welding tools and the blue denim clothes on his back. "I had a bicycle," he admits, "but it was stolen."

He owes the IRS some \$15,000, and to outwit them he has even sold the rights to *Dear America* to a community organization for which he works. "I can't

MILESTONES

Died. George Baker, 59, creator of the World War II cartoon anti-hero Sad Sack; of cancer; in Los Angeles. A draftsman at Walt Disney studios, Baker found his vocation only after joining the Army in 1941. His haplessly snafued Sad Sack became the image of the downtrodden G.I. doomed to a perpetual losing battle with his own top sergeants. Said Baker: "Many people lead a life of disappointment in one way or another. Nobody is completely happy or contented."

Died. Kenneth B. Keating, 74, ambassador to Israel; of heart disease; in Manhattan. A gregarious, backslapping lawyer in Buffalo, Republican Keating served six terms in the House before winning a Senate seat in 1958. "Politics," he joked, "is the ability to get money from the rich and votes from the poor while convincing both you are protecting each from the other." Crushed by Bobby Kennedy in his bid for re-election, Keating was named ambassador to India in 1969, and to Israel in 1973. In these posts he evolved a characteristically jocular definition of diplomacy: "Remembering a lady's birthday but forgetting her age."

Died. Moe Howard, 78, last survivor of the original Three Stooges slapstick comedy team; of lung cancer; in Hollywood. His black bangs cropped as if his barber had used a chamber pot, Moe cheerfully assaulted colleagues Larry, Curly and Shemp through more than 200 1930s farces, whacking them with mallets, tweaking noses, kicking shins, and deftly delivering thousands of the two-fingered eye punches that became his trademark, and endeared him in the 1950s to the first generation of television children.

Died. József Cardinal Mindszenty, 83, Primate of Hungary (1945-74) and symbol of the cold war's intractable conflicts; of a heart attack; in Vienna (see RELIGION).

Died. Avery Brundage, 87, president of the International Olympic Committee (1952-72); of a heart attack; in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany. A 1912 U.S. Olympic track competitor and later self-made millionaire in construction, Brundage became the most powerful figure in international amateur sport as head of the I.O.C. Viewing the Olympics as a "20th century religion" free of "injustice of caste, race, family or wealth," Brundage autocratically, ruthlessly and sometimes pettily railed against "commercialism" in sport, upholding an increasingly elusive ideal of amateurism and several times axing popular athletes for minor infractions of it.

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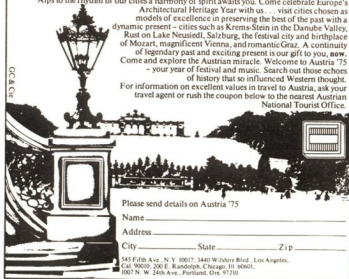
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JOHN GIELGUD & RALPH RICHARDSON IN A SCENE FROM *NO MAN'S LAND*

THE THEATER

Pinter's New World

NO MAN'S LAND
by HAROLD PINTER

Two aging literary gents are discovered at wordplay in a womblike Edwardian salon. John Gielgud, the social-climbing guest, is a failed poet and garrulous pub bore. Host Ralph Richardson is a successful but dipsomaniacal belletrist blimp who keeps two menacing servants to guard against just such intrusions. Together these two titled mandarins of the stage are guiding us into Pinter-land, where words struggle to contain the open-ended flux of existence. Our journey through it is brilliantly illuminated by their partnership.

No Man's Land, Harold Pinter's new play at Britain's National Theater in London, explores the paradox between chillingly inflexible ideas and a reality so ephemeral that it may be false, and often is. What turns this grandiose philosophical dilemma into exhilarating theater is the fact that the play is very funny. Under Peter Hall's deft direction, the ominous and reflective pauses are delivered with timing and double takes of Jack Benny standard.

Prufrocks in Reverse. Using ordinary language and sometimes vulgar mannerisms, the two Prufrocks reverse their accustomed stage personae to hint at tenuous meanings as complex as any in Eliot's poetry. Gielgud, a seedy intellectual in beer-stained pinstripes, conceals his natural grace and authority under nervous movements—hitching up his pants, ruffling his sandy-haired wig, filching cigarettes. He babbles an obligatory of literary clichés in an excessively ingratiating attempt to establish human

contact. Richardson's stock character, the failed dreamer, prefers to stay pickled in his past: his aim now is to "drink with dignity." This monument to frozen illusions suddenly shatters in not one, but two thudding, alcoholic stage falls. His identity crumbles like a building under the wrecker's headache ball.

Richardson can accept the experience of meeting a new person only by pretending his guest is someone he already knows, a fellow whose wife he once proudly seduced. Gielgud humors him with a sly expression of disbelief; his viola voice emerges to play, tease, and finally wound in a fumbled attempt at old-boy friendship. Richardson, ever the literary prig, rejects him: "Let us change the subject. For the last time." He commits his soul to his servants, two North London roughnecks with a sheen of airline-steward manners, and slides willingly into no man's land, "which never changes, which never grows older, but which remains forever, icy and silent."

Pinter people tend to live ineffably in the present and represent nothing outside themselves. Events have no proximate causes, let alone final Aristotelian ones. But in his last play, *Old Times*, Pinter's characters began to be defined by their uncertain memory of the past. Now the particulars of the present are beginning to be bounded by the dark inevitability of the future, the no man's land of death in life. The new and more abstract world that Britain's leading playwright has begun to explore at 44 is still imperfectly mapped, and he will no doubt travel in it further as he moves on into middle age. One hopes that he will once again be accompanied by such sensitive guides.

■ Lawrence Malkin

Requiem for the '60s

THE TAKING OF MISS JANIE
by ED BULLINS

This play begins with a black man raping a white woman. Strangely enough, it is less a brutal physical act than the saddest of requiems. The play ends with the figures of John and Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X on a rear stage scrim being spattered with gobs of blood. Thus the rape is, to some degree, an image of the anarchic violence of the '60s.

It is also a double requiem for the defeated hopes of the '60s. As a black girl who has become a lesbian puts it: "We all failed... and by failing ourselves we failed in the test of the times. We had so much going for us... so much potential... Do you realize it, man? We were the youth of our times... And we blew it. Blew it completely. Look where it all ended... We just turned out looking like a bunch of punks and freaks."

Yet it would be quite wrong to think of *The Taking of Miss Janie* as a dirge. Black Playwright Ed Bullins often uses a party as the central structure of his plays, and he does it again here. Even when it is slightly sick, a Bullins party jives. The people talk a vivid street idiom with the fluent opulence of jazz. Their moods dance. They make hot, sly, funny, drunken, sexy scenes together that have the cumulative impact of a seduction. Then they fall apart in revealing stop-motion monologues as if a petal were trying to be a flower.

Street Stud. The petals are all bruised in *Miss Janie*: an ice-cool, second-rate white guitarist; a cocky, unconsciously comic black nationalist; an ex-beatnik Jewish poet adrift on drugs; a dutiful black wife two-timed by her best friend, who comes through the back door every time she goes out the front.

In the same ways, the white heroine Janie (Hilary Jean Beane) is the most pathetic of all. Bullins has drawn a masterly portrait of a befuddled, innocent, college-educated liberal. She professes to admire the poems of Monty (Adeyami Lythcott), her eventual rapist. But it is clear that she is drawn to a black man as by an intoxicating musk and a not-so-fantasized danger. Bullins' Monty is a street stud who has climbed out of the ghetto without shedding his skin. With "Miss Janie," as he tauntingly calls her, Monty does not so much wish to make a score as to even it.

In a beautifully modulated performance, Hilary Jean Beane makes an acting debut of striking promise. Dropping her real middle name is the only improvement one can think of. Adeyami Lythcott plays Monty with swaggering ease and power, and the entire supporting cast is exemplary. This is an auspicious beginning for Joseph Papp's plan to bring fresh plays into Lincoln Center's Newhouse Theater, some by black and Hispanic playwrights.

■ T.E. Kalem



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